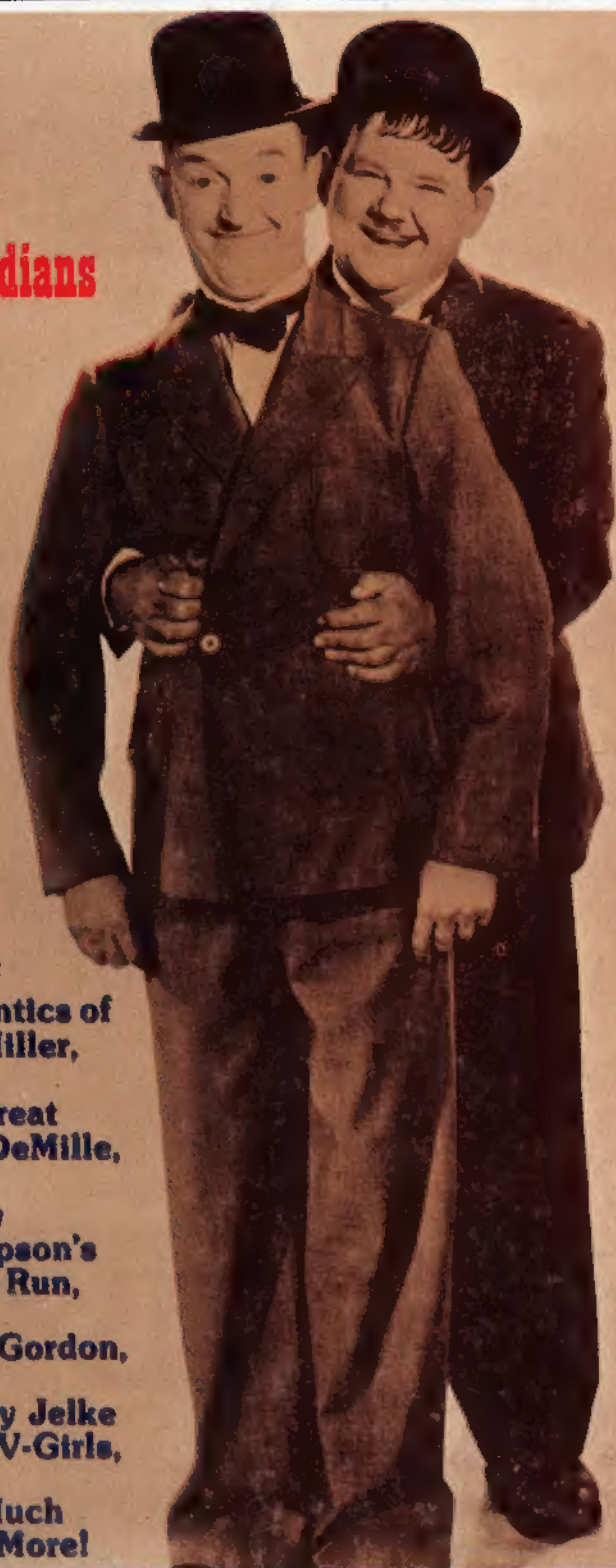


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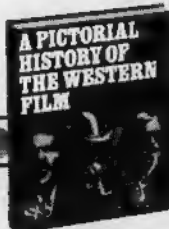
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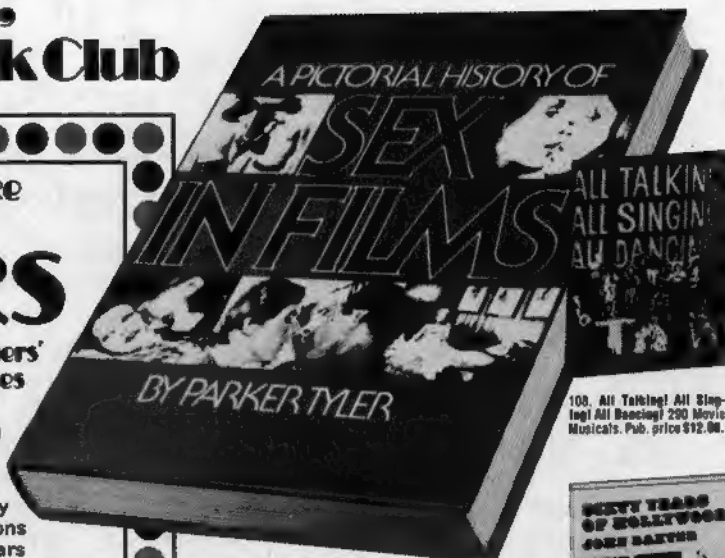


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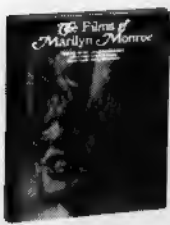
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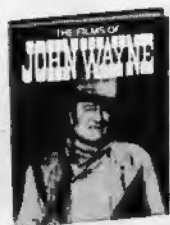
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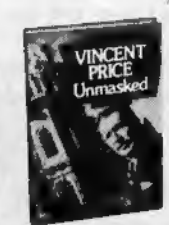
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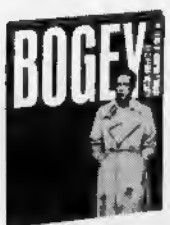
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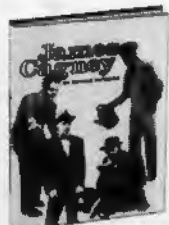
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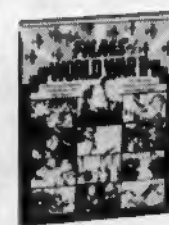
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624 S. LaBrea Ave.

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Art Assistants:

Mark Wethli, Nora Maclin

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Contributing Editors:Woodrow Gelman, Walter Hogan,
Jay Acton**Vice President,****Administration-Production:**
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Sandpainting, a craft created by desert nomads at the dawn of history, is enjoying a resurgence in American homes.

As practiced by the Navajo Indians of the Southwest, sandpainting was done on flat ground. The Navajos painted spirits and holy images in sands of varying color as a part of a religious rite. The painted picture is thought by the Indians to help effect cures in ailing tribe members. The painting ceremony, accompanied by chanting and prayer, may last for several days.

This ancient art is more likely today to be three-dimensional, with layers of colored sand poured one atop the other into a clear container. The desired pattern is achieved by poking the layers with a pointed object, such as a stick or knitting needle.

Sandpainting isn't difficult and makes a satisfying hobby for beginning or accomplished craftsmen. Kits or individual sand packages and other supplies are available in many gift, plant, and department stores.

**UP OUR ALLEY**

For those of you who can't get enough of the past there's "Nostalgia Alley," a new talk show broadcast weekly on Manhattan's cable TV.

Wednesday nights at 10:30, Mike Sobel plays host to a wide assortment of nostalgia buffs, including memorabilia collectors and yesterday's luminaries.

The program, says Sobel, will serve as a forum for exchange of ideas and information on subjects ranging from old New York to Hollywood history.

If you have any questions or are interested in seeing something similar in your area, contact Mike at P.O. Box 4673, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

GOVERNMENT HONORS GRIFFITH

Fans of D.W. Griffith and those of you with a philatelic passion will be happy to hear the Postal Service is issuing a commemorative stamp honoring the famed silent film director.

Lillian Gish, star of the Griffith classic, *The Birth of a Nation*, unveiled a giant reproduction of the stamp recently at the New York Museum of Modern Art.

She told those present at the unveiling, I'm grateful to the people who, for years, have enjoyed the art of film, and to our Government for making it possible to honor the man who made it all possible, the father of the movies."

Miss Gish added that the project had been close to her heart for the last five years, and that on her lecture tours she urged audiences to write to Washington about how much they appreciated Griffith's contribution to film.

The 10-cent stamp shows Griffith, who died in 1948, with a hand-held camera. It will be issued later this year, as one of three—including painter Benjamin West and poet Paul Laurence Dunbar—in an "American Arts" set.

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CECIL B. DEMILLE: MASTER OF SPECTACLE

By Leonard Maltin

He was larger than life, and his pictures were larger than life. He always chose subjects of that nature. . . . He made pictures like *Mount Rushmore*.

Has there ever been another moviemaker—past or present—to compare to Cecil B. deMille? It seems unlikely.

No other director so consistently put his finger on the pulse of American moviegoers and delivered exactly what they wanted to see.

No other director mastered the art of self-promotion so completely, with the possible exception of Alfred Hitchcock.

Few directors enjoyed his long-running success, producing hit movies for five decades.

But when you come right down to it, there's one category where DeMille outshone them all, and continues to hold the world's record: there was no director more colorful than he.

Cornell Wilde, one of his stars in *The Greatest Show On Earth*, once told me, "He was larger than life, and his pictures were larger than life. He always chose subjects of that nature, that would give him enormous scope. He made pictures like *Mount Rushmore*; he never wanted to do small canvases.

"He was also a hard taskmaster; he didn't care what you felt like, or if it hurt, or if you might fall down and break your neck. If he wanted a shot, he wanted that shot, and that was that. Frequently, when we were at circus winter quarters, and I'd be up on the trapeze or the balancing bar, standing on the damn thing forty feet up, he'd say



DeMille: Dean of Hollywood directors.

"I want to use a big boom now, son, do you mind if I take the net away?" I would say 'No, sir, fine with me,' and even if I had said, 'No, I want the net,' he probably would have taken it away.

"That was typical of him. He himself would do all kinds of crazy things; he would hang upside down from a ladder or a low trapeze to see what a shot looked like upside down. It was hard to say no to him, because he would do all kinds of things."

Indeed, even after suffering a severe heart attack, the director continued to work himself mercilessly while filming *The Ten Commandments* in 1955. That this 74-year-old was able to summon the strength to complete such a

massive project was awe-inspiring even to those associates who thought they knew DeMille inside out.

But in truth, very few people really knew what made him tick. In scores of interviews and critiques, the dilemmas continue: was he a great director or a showman who pandered to public taste? Was he a deeply religious man or a charlatan? Apparently, Cecil Blount DeMille was a striking combination of all these things.

Born into a theatrical family, he tasted the appeal of show business quite early. His father, a college professor and preacher, was also a successful playwright; he died when Cecil was 11. His mother then ran a successful theatrical agency, and gave her blessing to Cecil's theatrical ambitions by sponsoring his tuition for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. But he also attended a military school, an experience that gave him the bearing that so distinguished him throughout his life.

He worked as an actor, playwright, and stage manager, before finding his niche in the early motion-picture business, teaming with two other novices, Jesse Lasky and Samuel Goldfish (later known as Goldwyn). Together they journeyed westward to make the pioneer feature-film *The Squaw Man* in 1913, with Dustin Farnum as star. Although there was a



DeMille, top, with camera that he used in his first film. Right, top, shooting Male and Female. Scenes from *Madam Satan* (center), and *Fool's Paradise*.



"co-director," it soon became evident that DeMille had a genuine instinct for the film medium that produced very effective results. While other stage-oriented professionals expressed disdain for the movies, DeMille committed himself to film and became one of the leading practitioners of his art within a few short years.

His greatest skill, evident in his earliest movie work, was his ability to tell a story clearly and dramatically. It remained DeMille's strong suit for the rest of his career. He also knew the impact of visual ideas, even after sound came to the movies; a sign in his office read, "Say it with props."

The late Mitchell Leisen, a fine director who started as DeMille's assistant, recalled, "He always used to say, 'The camera has no ears. If you want to say it, get it on the screen.' That is advice I've used throughout my career, in talking pictures as well as silents. No matter what, get it on the screen. The visual image carries more impact than the dialogue."

This is verified by an anecdote told by the director's long-time associate, Henry Wilcoxon, who became a star when DeMille cast him as Mark Antony in *Cleopatra*, and then as Richard the Lion-Hearted in *The Crusades*. "You know," he muses, "I've been in show business now for almost half a century, and I've talked to many thousands of people, and it's





DeMille's vision of *The Last Supper* from his biblical epic, *King of Kings*.

each other in this scene. Then you have this beautiful girl who is Richard's Queen, and he uses *her* scarf. And it's so *visual*—seeing him cut this thing in half.”

DeMille movies are full of such memorable images—including the notorious bathtub scenes that shocked silent movie fans in DeMille's “naughty” romantic comedies like *Male and Female* and *Old Wives For New*... the elaborate train wrecks in films like *The Road To Yesterday*, *Union Pacific*, and *The Greatest Show On Earth*... and of course, the parting of the Red Sea from both versions of *The Ten Commandments*.

Visual imagery was not the only lesson DeMille learned quickly; he also developed the art of self-promotion during his first years of filmmaking. He actually appears on-screen at the beginning of his

amazing that there is one scene in *The Crusades* that almost invariably causes people to say, ‘I remember that scene when—’

“That’s the scene at the Council of Kings when you have these two very strong men pitted against each other. Richard makes some crack, and Saladin says, ‘The English King’s wit is as dull as his sword.’ And Richard says, ‘What! My sword dull? Bring me an iron mace.’ They bring this massive iron mace, and he says, ‘Now set it between two stools,’ and they take these two huge oaken stools and set the mace across. Richard draws his sword and *wham*, he cuts it in two. Then he says, ‘My sword dull, eh?’

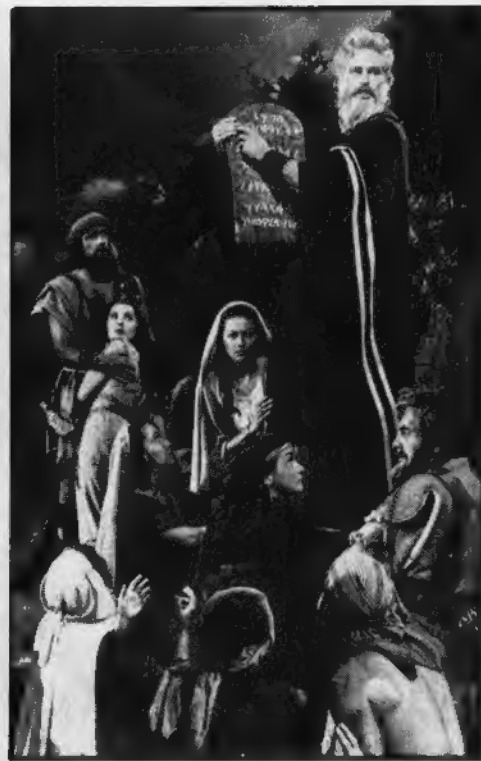
“Saladin looks at him and says, ‘The Lion King has shown the strength of his arm, not the sharpness of his sword,’ so he goes to Richard’s Queen, and very graciously borrows a flimsy scarf that she has. He balls it up in his hand, throws it in the air, and as it’s coming down, he holds his sword with two fingers, almost like a lady holding the handle of a teacup, and draws it across this thing floating down, and the two pieces fall on either side.

“Everybody remembers that scene. It’s a good scene, because you have the conflict of these two powerful men; one who’s a rough, tough blackguard, which Richard was, the other a cultured magnificent man like Saladin. You have this terrific conflict between them, and yet there’s an admiration for



Center, the circus comes to town in 1951 DeMille spectacle, *The Greatest Show On Earth*. In scene at bottom, *The Ringling Brothers Face Disaster*.

Cecil B. DeMille was unquestionably one of the greatest showmen the movies ever had. He had no peer at manipulating mobs or armies or planning a battle.



Left, Baby Moses discovered in the rushes. Right, Charlton Heston delivers the law in *The Ten Commandments*.

third film, *The Call Of The North*, made in 1914, shown introducing the members of the cast to novelist Stewart Edward White, from whose book the story was adapted.

Thus, C.B. DeMille's name and face were before the public at a time when the only other "recognized" director of note was D.W. Griffith. DeMille continued to attract personal and professional publicity over the years, promoting his films and appearing in his own coming-attractions trailers in order to speak directly to the public. In later years, he further reinforced his image as the dean of Hollywood directors by hosting the long-running *Lux Radio Theatre*. And of course he portrayed himself in a memorable scene with Gloria Swanson in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*. Is it any wonder that DeMille's name on a movie meant as much to the paying public as that of any star?

DeMille's films were as unique as the man who made them. Whatever the subject, it was always treated on a grand scale.

"DeMille had no nuances," commented Mitchell Leisen. "Everything was in neon lights six feet tall: LUST, REVENGE, SEX."

Only C.B. would have con-

cocted the idea of inserting a flashback sequence of a Roman orgy into his silent film *Man-slaughter*, which dealt with a reckless young socialite with no morals. Yet this was the director's formula for success, and it seldom failed. He relied strongly on his chief scenarist Jeanie Macpherson for such ideas.

Even his silent version of *The Ten Commandments* paralleled a contemporary story with the ancient Biblical tale of Moses leading the Jews out of Palestine. The modern-day yarn dealt with two brothers, one a kind and devoted woodworker (Richard Dix), and the other an ambitious and conniving wheeler-dealer (Rod LaRocque). With typical lack of subtlety, DeMille showed Dix's mother reminding him that "some mighty fine men have been carpenters," and later depicted LaRocque's downfall as he tries to escape from the police on his yacht called "Defiance."

But the fact remains that DeMille was a very talented director, his skill and versatility most evident in his earliest feature films. These pictures are filled with ingenious and even innovative visual ideas. In *The Warrens Of*

Virginia (1915) a story with a Civil War background, when General Griffin tries to convince Lieut. Burton (House Peters) that his mission—which involves betraying the friendship of the Warrens—is of vital importance to preventing further warfare, the corner of the film-frame dissolves into the vignettes of the General's words, showing men dying in the trenches, and an aging mother reading a letter telling of her son's demise.

Other memorable silent productions like *The Cheat* (1915), with Fannie Ward as a foolish society woman who sells herself to a wealthy Oriental Sessue Hayakawa in order to replace charity funds she has squandered; and *The Whispering Chorus* (1918), with Raymond Hatton as a small-time crook haunted by the chorus of voices that command his conscience, were superbly structured and intelligently conceived—fine examples of filmmaking then, and still impressive today.

While DeMille never lost his moviemaking skill, his style changed, as he began to paint with increasingly broader strokes. The turning point was apparently his series of so-called "bathroom" pictures, the chic society romances



Heston, as Moses, receives direction from DeMille in *The Ten Commandments*.

that were so popular in the late teens and early 1920s, leading to ever more ambitious, more ornate, and more commercial screen stories.

Then, after making *The Ten Commandments*, DeMille was faced with the problem of what to do for an encore. It wasn't easy to top Cecil B. DeMille, even if you happened to be Cecil B. DeMille. So his pictures tended to get bigger and more elaborate, even though the stories and characterizations didn't always warrant that kind of treatment.

It got to the point where DeMille hardly directed his actors at all. After initially discussing the role when casting the part, he usually let his players fend for themselves, preferring to concern himself with the externals instead.

Ray Milland writes in his autobiography, "Cecil B. DeMille was unquestionably one of the greatest showmen the movies ever had. The industry is much the poorer for his loss. He could utilize a camera better than anyone. He had no peer at manipulating mobs or

armies. He could stage and plan a battle better than Clausewitz. At spectacle he was the master. But he didn't know a damned thing about acting."

Henry Wilcoxon disagrees. "It is true that when he was handling very large, vast numbers of people, he did assume almost the quality of a general in the field (but) as a result, he got better results out of those guys than any other man on earth. He would always address the entire group of extras and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I want you all to realize one thing: I don't want any extras on my set. I only want actors and actresses. During the making of this picture, if I come up to you, and I say, 'What are you doing, and where are you going?' and you can't tell me, either you, or the assistant director who is responsible for your segment, will be fired. I want you to think, and act. When you're crossing the square, I want you to be able to tell me that you're crossing the street to the sandal maker's to get your sandal repaired. Or I want to know if you

are going to pick up your little son.'" That's why DeMille's crowd scenes, and spectacles, are in a class by themselves.

It seems incredible, then, that a man who could lavish so much attention on details like these—and elicit such rewarding results—could at the same time be so sloppy in tending to other aspects of his films: the utter phoniness of the "process-screen" backgrounds in a film like *The Plainsman*, whose plot was supposed to take place in the wide open spaces...the ludicrous fight between Victor Mature and a patently stuffed animal in *Samson and Delilah*...or the reams of just plain silly dialogue that filled his movies over the years.

In the 1915 *Warrens of Virginia*, the heroine says (via card-title) "Father, I can't betray an important secret of the man I'm going to marry."

In *Dynamite* (1929) burly, brawny miner Charles Bickford tells aristocratic Kay Johnson that he loves her "from the top of your pretty head to the tip of your dancing feet."

And in *Samson and Delilah*, 20 years later, the hero's mother moans, "Oh Samson, Samson, what's to become of you?"

But then, C.B. never invited intellectual examination of his work. He never counted on meticulous-minded film buffs inspecting his films. To him, there was only one judge-and-jury—the audience that paid to see his movies. And that's just what they did, in the teens, in the 1920s, in the 1930s, in the 1940s, and in the 1950s. The titles are sure to evoke fond memories: *The Squaw Man*, *The Virginian*, *Male and Female*, *Forbidden Fruit*, *Adam's Rib*, *The King of Kings*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *Cleopatra*, *The Crusades*, *The Plainsman*, *Reap the Wild Wind*, *Samson and Delilah*, *The Greatest Show On Earth*, *The Ten Commandments*.

Times changed, trends changed, and while DeMille didn't always change with them, his films somehow appealed to a basic naivete in all of us that enabled us to sit back and enjoy. If any one man in film history could have his name equated with the word "entertainment," it would have to be Cecil B. DeMille. N



BOBBY THOMSON'S HOME RUN

By Thomas Kiernan

In 1951, Bobby Thomson became a national hero; he hit a three-run homer in the last of the ninth to give the pennant to the Giants over the Dodgers.

I met Thomson in New York a few days after Henry Aaron's historic 715th home run. The irony of it all had not been lost on him. I made reference to the army of newsprint, radio, and television media that had been concentrated in Atlanta, turning the event into a garish promotional circus that had little to do with baseball. "Imagine," I said, "if the media had been able to pre-set the stage in 1951 for your home run the way they did for Aaron's. Why, the Democrats probably would've run you for president instead of Stevenson."

"Well, thanks," Thomson said. "I thought they overdid the Aaron bit. But you know, times've changed. Baseball's changed. Tell you the truth, I don't follow it much any more. Oh, I check the papers once in a while. But you see, after I gave up the game I found there was more to life than baseball. Work, for instance. Daily nine-to-five work, where you've

got real challenges and responsibilities.

Thomson's voice was ruminative, gently sarcastic, but good-natured. It contained none of the bitterness of most old-timers who offer the traditional the-game-ain't-played-the-way-it-used-to-be complaint.

As he continued to talk about himself, I discovered that he had a strong, abiding belief, if only lately arrived at, in the old-fashioned American work ethic. He had remained with the Giants through 1953, returning to center field while Willie Mays put in his two years of Army duty. Upon Mays' return in 1954 Thomson was abruptly traded to the Milwaukee Braves. At first it was like being cruelly turned out of the fold for the young man who had originally chosen to sign with the Giants rather than the Dodgers because he had always been a Giant fan. But he learned to like Milwaukee after a while, and was even thinking of

settling there permanently when in 1957 he was traded again—of all places, back to the Giants.

The return to the Polo Grounds didn't take, however. It was a ploy by Horace Stoneham to restore some life to the gate after announcing that it was the club's last year in New York. When they moved to San Francisco, Thomson was dumped to Chicago. He'd always liked Chicago as a city, so he didn't mind his two-year tenure with the Cubs. However, in 1960, when he was traded to the Boston Red Sox, he was 36 years old and his skills were diminishing rapidly. Let go by the Red Sox, he was picked up briefly by the Baltimore Orioles and then given his outright release.

It was the end of a curious baseball career, one that was in Thomson's words, "Ordinary in every respect but one." Over a span of fifteen years in the major leagues he compiled a lifetime batting average of .270. The highest he



Whack! went one of the most famous home runs in history as Thomson hit it out of the park.

ever hit for a full season was .309—in 1949, the only year he hit over .300. The most home runs he ever hit in a season were 32 in 1951, the last two coming in the postseason playoffs. His home-run average over 15 seasons was slightly under 18 per year. He batted in more than 100 runs four times, but his career RBI average was 68 per season.

But it was the exception to the ordinariness of his career that defines Robert Brown Thomson, known variously during his playing days as Bobby, the Staten Island Scot, the Hawk, and around the club, Hoot Mon. As a man, a human being, there is something about Thomson that marks him as exceptional—that persuades one upon meeting him that probably only he, among all the members of that team, was capable of executing the exceptional feat that constituted the miracle at Coogan's Bluff. As I sat across from him in the restaurant booth, listening to his wry, humorous, often self-deprecating answers to my questions, this wisp of an idea began to spin in my mind.

At 51 he hadn't changed a great deal. His face was fuller, his neck thicker, his shoulders denser, his hair graying. But he was instantly recognizable, and his familiar plodding walk, which had always belied his considerable speed as a runner, underscored the recognition.

After leaving baseball in 1960, he told me, he began to cast around for a new career, not unmindful of his residual popularity among New York's business community. He finally joined the West Virginia Paper Corporation as a salesman. He worked hard to learn

his new trade and today, fourteen years later, is a high-level sales executive with the same company, which is now known as Westvaco. He works out of comfortable corporate offices on New York's Park Avenue, lives in a pleasant New Jersey suburb with his wife and three children, and views his life with modest philosophical satisfaction.

"So now," I said, "about that home run."

Thomson laughed as he lit his pipe. "I thought you'd never ask."

"You must be fed up to the teeth talking about it."

"Well, you get to the point where you think, what more can you say about it? But you know, it's there, it's out there for all the world to see. I don't have any private claim to it. And I don't mind talking about it. Sitting here, reminiscing like we've been doing—I always get a kick out of it."

"Did you have any premonition when you came up to bat? Any feeling whatsoever of what you were about to do?"

"Not a one," he said. "I wasn't even thinking about a home run. All I was thinking about was getting a base hit."

"All right," I said. "I feel I'm within a whisker of an answer. Let me reconstruct things with you."

"All right."

"First, the season." We went over the early part of the season, the losing streak, the Lockman-Irvin switch, the advent of Willie Mays. "Yeah," he said, "the coming of Willie lost me my job, but it enabled Leo to play with his line-up until he got the right combination."

"He sat you down for a while through there."

"I wasn't hitting."

"But then he gave you another chance, this time at third base."

"It was a last-ditch shot for me," Thomson said, and went on to tell me the story of his summons to Durocher's office.

"How did you feel about going to third?"

"Well, I was willing to play anywhere. Remember, I came up as a third baseman. They turned me into an outfielder at Jersey City, but when the Giants called me up in 1946 they were thinking of me as a third baseman."

"Were you an aggressive hitter?"



Manager Leo Durocher of the Giants had a big hug waiting for his hero.

"When I got home that night, it finally began to sink in, what it really was. So I went to bed and wondered what I had ever done to deserve this."



New York Giant players and fans converge on Thomson (head being rubbed) after his fantastic hit.

"Well, that's another thing. I suppose it's because I wasn't that I was able to hit that home run. If I'd been an aggressive hitter I would've gone after that first pitch, but I just let it go by."

"OK," I said, "toward the end of the season you're playing third base, and you start hitting like there's no tomorrow."

"Yeah, I did start swinging the bat. I figured, like Leo said, it was my last chance. Leo had ways of getting you psyched up. I guess I began to feel it was all or nothing. I just went up and started swinging, and the base hits and home runs began falling in."

There's one other ingredient in that season I'd like to ask you about. Not many people are aware of it, and I wonder if you are. Do you remember back there—it was right after the end of the 16-game winning streak, toward the end of August—when Durocher switched

you and Mays in the batting order?"

"Vaguely, yeah, I remember."

"You had been alternating with Mueller between third and seventh, and Mays was batting sixth all the time."

"Yeah, against left-handers he'd move me up to third and move Mueller to seventh. Then reverse it against right-handers."

"That's right. But then—I suppose because you and Mueller both had hotter bats than Mays about then—he dropped Willie back to seventh and moved you to sixth, depending on the pitcher. For the rest of that year you were batting sixth against right-handers instead of seventh."

"So I came up instead of Willie."

"Right," I said. "Of course no one knew it then, but of all the crucial moves Durocher made that year, that was the *most* crucial."

"What were your feelings when

the ninth inning started?"

"Total dejection." Thomson said with emphasis. "I didn't think we were good enough. It was the way I'd been thinking most of the way through the comeback. I didn't think we were good enough to catch the Dodgers."

"But largely because of you, you did."

"Well, it wasn't only me, there were a lot of other guys doing their bit, too."

"I know, but you can't deny yours was the biggest bat down the stretch. And you hit the home run that won the first playoff game. Also, you drove in the run that tied the last game up—in the sixth."

"Yeah, but I did that goofy bit of base-running in the second, and I cost us a couple of runs in the eighth by misplaying two balls hit at me. I was totally dejected. Even after Lock hit his double and I was

(Continued on page 68)



Two publicity shots of the beautiful Annie from her MGM days. MGM was the best studio to be with in Hollywood during the 40s and 50s.

THE DELIGHTFUL WORLD OF ANN MILLER

By William Christopher

Ann Miller has been accused of having beautiful legs, a naive innocence, and the brain of a butterfly that flitted on its toes. What a combination!

“What day is Christmas on this year?” the raven-haired, kewpie-faced beauty asked. The editor of her autobiography replied, “I’m not sure.” Musing, the woman asked, in that pre-resignation year 1972, “I mean who decides what day Christmas will be? Is it Nixon?” The editor, normally an unshakeable man, slowly explained that Christmas was always on December 25th because, by tradition, Christ was born on that date. “Is that so?” gushed the beauty. “Well, I always knew Jesus was a Capricorn,” she added happily. But Ann Miller wasn’t happy when she found that that year Christmas would fall on a Monday. “What a dumb day to have Christmas on. Nobody in Hollywood goes *anywhere* on Monday!”

Ann Miller, it seems, has always been confused about dates. Take her birthday for example; in her autobiography, *Miller’s High Life* published a couple of years back, she claims to have been born on April 12, 1923. Almanacs and such would have it otherwise; they suggest that the future star was born Johnnie Lucille Collier on April 12, 1919. And Ann still can’t seem to keep it straight. On a recent talk show appearance, Annie told Merv Griffin that she’d soon be 50; depending on whose date you accept, the lovely tapper was either 51 or 55 at the time.

Ann explains the mix-up deftly:

“I’m the one who ordered that phony birth certificate—when I was only thirteen and had to be eighteen.” Thank you, Miss Miller, but 13 from 18 is five, and 1919 from 1923 is four. How did you get to be... well, sorry I asked.

Whatever her age, Johnnie Lucille was a child when her mother decided that the girl should take ballet lessons to strengthen and straighten legs that had been slightly affected by rickets. But ballet was definitely not little Annie’s metier. She was a mess, she says today. But one day—in the manner of movie star biographies—her mother took her to see a performance at Houston’s Majestic Theater; Bill “Bojangles” Robinson was dancing, and Mrs. Collier took her daughter backstage to meet the great master of the tap shoes. According to Annie it was destiny. She and Bojangles did an impromptu tap number to “Bye, Bye Blues”, Annie copying Robinson’s every step. “I took to tap dancing like a duck to water,” she later wrote.

When Annie was 11 (or 15) her mother, battling with Ann’s father, took her to Hollywood to study at the Fanchon and Marco Dancing School where Rita Hayworth’s father taught. Annie met Rita—then Marguerite Cansino—Jane Withers, Judy Garland—then Gumm—and Helen Rose. She also got her first movie work, bits in *The Good Fairy* with Margaret

Sullivan and Herbert Marshall, and in *Anne of Green Gables* with Anne Shirley. But the luck of those two early breaks was fleeting; she flunked two screen tests, one at Metro, the other at Warners.

Back to Houston and to one date Ann Miller has no difficulty remembering: the day she walked into her parents’ bedroom and found her father in bed with another woman. Ann and her mother returned to Hollywood determined to win more than a dead marriage and small-time Texas dance gigs could offer. According to Ann’s figures, she was still 11 years old.

Money was too tight for Ann to continue at Fanchon and Marco. But William Morgan, owner of a Sunset Boulevard dance shop, gave Ann both a place to practice and her “first pair of professional tap shoes.” According to Ann she learned her tapping “on the little tap board which he set up for me right there in the showroom where they showed the shoes. This was where I learned to develop that quick machine-gun-style tap that I later became known for, and that was to help me get started in movies.”

But first came the amateur contests and lunch time-jobs entertaining Elks, Rotary and Lions clubs. (The name changed at about this time; Johnnie Lucille Collier vanished to be replaced with Anne—with an E—Miller. The E was trimmed later.) And, true to



The scene at the top is from Columbia's *Go West, Young Lady* which starred Penny Singleton, Glenn Ford and Ann Miller.



an almost stereotypical Hollywood success story, Annie didn't have to wait too long. She was 12 the night she won an amateur contest at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles. One of her prizes was a two week booking at a Keith Theater in downtown Los Angeles. An agent saw her there and within months Annie, having told people she was 18, was headlining at a posh San Francisco nightclub, the Bal Tabarin.

At this point in the Ann Miller story, it would perhaps be wise for hardened cynics in the audience to leave the room. Are you ready? We are backstage at the Bal Tabarin. Ann is now 13. She has just finished her big number when there's a knock at the door. Why, my goodness, it's Lucille Ball, Hollywood Star, and Benny Rubin, big-time Hollywood Agent and Talent Scout! "We want to make your daughter a star," they say to little Ann's mother. "But she looks a bit young," says Miss Ball, the background music growing ominous. Rubin warned that Annie couldn't work in pictures unless she was of age. Mama to the rescue: "I could hardly believe my ears," Ann wrote, "when I heard my mother calmly say, 'Don't you worry about a thing, Mr. Rubin. I'll bring Annie's birth certificate with me when you arrange the screen test.'"

The enterprising Mrs. Collier got one last favor from her estranged husband, a lawyer; the birth certificate arrived, special delivery, specifying that Lucy Ann Collier had been born in 1919 in Chireno, Texas. And when Ann finished her long Bal Tabarin engagement,



Scene at top from *Reveille* With Beverly with Ann, William Wright, Bob Crosby, Duke Ellington and Frank Sinatra, among others.

mother and daughter were off to RKO, papers in hand. It was 1937. And whether that birth certificate was real or phony, RKO bought it; Ann Miller, super tapper, was on her leggy way.

New Faces of 1937 was Ann's first picture at RKO. Milton Berle starred in the film and it is an indication of the size of Ann's part that she managed to shoot her number in one day. But no matter, she was making \$150 a week, and despite her small part, Annie got noticed. She was put first into *Life of the Party*—this time she got two numbers—and then *Stage Door*, her first "acting" part. But she almost lost this first real shot at stardom before shooting started; she was taller than Ginger Rogers. Ginger, however, liked the skinny newcomer, and a solution was finally worked out; Anne wore lower heels and a shorter top hat in their dance number together. *Stage Door*, which starred the cream of the RKO stock company—Rogers, Lucille Ball, Katherine Hepburn, Constance Collier and Adolphe Menjou—didn't exactly make a superstar out of Annie, but people liked her work. RKO gave her a part in *Radio City Revels* and with the part came Ann's first screen kiss. In fact, according to Annie, it was her first kiss ever: "I was so embarrassed I could have died." But the picture didn't die, and Annie got a raise: "\$250 a week—not bad for a 14-year old kid."

Her next part wasn't bad either; Ann got the plum role of the daffy would-be ballerina, Essie Carmichael, in *You Can't Take It With You*. In her book, Annie proudly



Top from Hit Parade of 1941 with Kenny Baker and Frances Langford. Middle shot also from same movie. Bottom from Hit the Deck.

quotes director Frank Capra's description of her performance: "She played Alice's sister Essie, the awkward Pavlova; played her with the legs of Marlene, the innocence of Pippa, and the brain of a butterfly that flitted on its toes." Many students of our Annie's magnificent legs, ineffable innocence and gauzy brain might suppose Capra didn't have to do a thing to get that kind of performance out of Miss Miller. But he won best director of the year at the Academy Awards; it was a further boost to Miller's career when *You Can't Take It With You* also won Best Picture of the Year.

But things quickly turned sour at RKO, and after making two films that did little for her, *Room Service* with the Marx Brothers, and *Tarnished Angels*, Annie was out of work. Like later stars whose careers were in trouble in Hollywood, she took to Broadway. To this day, Annie thinks she was done in by her agent, William Morris. The Morris Agency also represented the other monster tapper of the 30s, Eleanor Powell; according to Miller, MGM, Powell's studio, wanted the competition out of town. Whatever the reason for Annie's exile, it rapidly paid off. Producer George White hadn't had a success in years, but when *George White's Scandals of 1939* opened, Ann Miller gave him a hit. She was a smash. Every review praised her. Every review noted that she'd stopped the show. She made the cover of *Vogue*. *Life* did a feature. *Look* took notice. The show ran for a year on Broadway, and did just as well on the road. Ann Miller was a star throughout the country.

RKO had to eat crow. When



Annie got back to Hollywood her salary for *Too Many Girls* with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz was \$3,000 a week. But two dreary Republic programmers, *Hit Parade of 1941* and a musical oater with Gene Autry called *Melody Ranch* almost took the Broadway-bought sparkle off Annie's return to town. Fortunately, she got the reviews in her next picture, *Time Out for Rhythm* for Columbia, and Harry Cohn, the tyrant of the Columbia lot, signed her to a seven-year contract.

Despite the fact that Ann's pictures weren't the studio blockbusters—*Reveille With Beverly* is not the classiest title in Hollywood's history—they all made money. And, having made it past the age of consent at last—at least according to her calculations—Ann started dating. Before long, she had hooked herself the biggest fish in town. L.B. Mayer, chief executive of the grandest studio of them all, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was after little Annie Miller. He proposed. Ann refused. He offered to buy her contract from Columbia. Harry Cohn refused, but urged Ann to marry Mayer. Ann refused. Cohn

then announced he was going to star Ann in her first "A" picture, a big-budget musical called *The Petty Girl*, based on the famous George Petty drawings in *Esquire*. Ann was ecstatic—for a while. "On the surface it all seemed kosher but wheels had started turning in Harry Cohn's head. He had used me as a sometime threat against Rita Hayworth. Now he was hatching up another plot to use me as a bargaining tool with Louis B. Mayer. . . . Up to this time I had only been in B pictures. By starring me in an A picture, especially one as expensive and important as *The Petty Girl*, my contract asking price would go up. Like maybe to \$250,000 or \$300,000."

Ann Miller was furious. "So, as they say in Texas, I jumped the corral and blew the whole scene—the MGM contract, the Columbia contract, L.B. Mayer, everything. I blew it all." She married Hollywood playboy Reese Milner and gave up her career. Within weeks, Milner had beaten her savagely. And Annie was pregnant. According to Ann the marriage was

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THE GREAT COMEDIANS

By Bette Martin

Their antics made the world laugh. Their high-spirited clowning, pie-in-the-face gags, and dizzy-paced chase scenes are still scoring box-office hits.



Mack Sennett comic Bathing Beauties

MACK SENNETT

Sennett, an ex-actor and screen writer for D.W. Griffith struck out on his own in 1911, and for ten years his films were Number One at the box office. He was king of slapstick and the originator of the pie in the face routine, the hectic chase, the rapidly propelled policemen, and the comic but uncultured bathing beauties. Originally the girls were a part of a publicity stunt to get greater coverage for his films in the newspapers. Later, he incorporated them into all his movies. Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard began their film careers as Mack Sennett girls.

KEYSTONE COPS

One day in 1911 Sennett, a cameraman and Mabel Normand got off a train and walked square into a Shriners' parade. The situation inspired Sennett. He told Mabel to wrap a doll in a blanket and go over and accuse a dignified man in the

crowd as being the father of her child. The camera filmed the action. Soon police started to untangle the ensuing melee. Sennett and his troupe made a hasty retreat. The next day he studied the film. The absurdity of police maintaining their dignity while pursuing minor offenders was a natural for comedy. And so the Keystone Cops were born.



The Keystone Cops: For years their frantic capers drew outsized crowds.



Harold Lloyd (above) "stops" the clock in a harrowing scene from *Safety Last*.



HAROLD LLOYD

On screen Lloyd played the cheerful, average American boy who always got in trouble because he was so trusting. Privately he was a polished businessman and because of that, his films grossed over 30 million dollars, he was the highest paid actor in 1926, and remained a

wealthy man until his death. Lloyd, like the character he played, was an Horatio Alger. Born into a poor family, his first acting jobs were with traveling stock companies. He broke into films as an Indian extra. Another extra, Hal Roach, inherited some money and formed his own film company making Lloyd the main star. During the next five years Lloyd made over 100 films and

became a top film personality. One day in 1920 it looked as if both Lloyd's career and life would come to a horrible end. A bomb prop he was holding turned out to be the real thing. Lloyd was hospitalized for six months and suffered the loss of his right thumb and forefinger. When sound came in, Lloyd retired. He had been married to Mildred Davis for over 50 years until his death.



A forlorn Harry Langdon with Joan Crawford (right) in *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*.

HARRY LANGDON

He played the role of an innocent lost in a world that was too complicated for him to deal with, and the fans loved his baby face and childlike attitude enough to make him one of the biggest stars of the 20's. Langdon started out in vaudeville. Mack Sennett brought him to Hollywood



and assigned Frank Capra to write plots for him and Harry Edwards to direct. The trio turned out hilarious films. In 1925 Langdon went to work for Warner Brothers for \$6,000 a week and 25 per cent of the profit. Taken with his own success, Langdon felt he no longer needed Capra or Edwards and decided to direct himself. The results were disastrous. His movies lost money and Warner Brothers

finally let him go. Langdon returned to vaudeville and filed a petition of bankruptcy in 1931. Two years later he tried to make a comeback but Hollywood wouldn't cooperate. He was known as a difficult and autocratic actor and he had made more important enemies in the film colony than friends. He had bit parts in films but never made it to the top again. He died in 1944, 60 years old and broke.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

We call him a comedian because he made people laugh, but Chaplin was to the art of film what Einstein was to science or Freud to psychology—a pure genius. His peers cannot praise him enough, although the public has never given him the recognition his talent deserves.

Chaplin's parents were English music hall entertainers, and Charlie made his first appearance on the stage at the age of five. At 17 he joined Fred Karno's company and came to the U.S. with them. Mack Sennett invited him to join the Keystone company for \$150 a week. During 1914 Chaplin made 35 films! In *Kid Auto Races in Venice*, Chaplin wore his famous "tramp" costume for the first time.

Always the artist, Chaplin was not content to just act in films—he wanted to write and direct also. Sennett gave Chaplin \$25 a week more and let him write, direct and star in such films as *Tillie's Punctured Romance* and *His Prehistoric Romance*. These movies brought him fame and an offer from Essanay Studios for \$1,250 a week which Chaplin accepted.



Chaplin warms his toes in *Gold Rush*.

With Essanay, Chaplin made *A Night Out*, *The Champion* and *The Tramp* (considered to be his first masterpiece). His leading lady for the next eight years was Edna Purviance. Chaplin made sure that she received a weekly check from his studio until she died.

The country by this time was Chaplin-crazy. He was widely imitated, and there were numerous songs and cartoons about him.

Next, Chaplin went to Mutual who gave him \$10,000 a week plus a \$150,000 bonus. He made 12 films for them in one year



Luncheon with the boss in *Modern Times*.

including *The Vagabond*, *The Pawnshop*, *The Rink* and *Easy Street*.

After completing his contract with First National, Chaplin formed United Artists with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—now he could finally produce his own films. For two years he worked on the script of *The Gold Rush* ("This is the film I want to be remembered by," he said). He worked behind the cameras, designed the costumes, wrote the musical score, directed all the actors and produced what is considered one of the finest films ever made.

When sound came in Chaplin still continued to make silents. The fans remained faithful and his films grossed high profits. Chaplin did speak in *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *Limelight* (1952) but he no longer played "The Little Fellow," and although critics were impressed with these pictures, fans were not.

Off screen Chaplin was a hard man to live with. Highly eccentric and temperamental, three wives divorced him complaining that he loved himself too much to make a marriage work. His fourth marriage to Oona, Eugene O'Neill's daughter, has lasted many years and produced eight children.

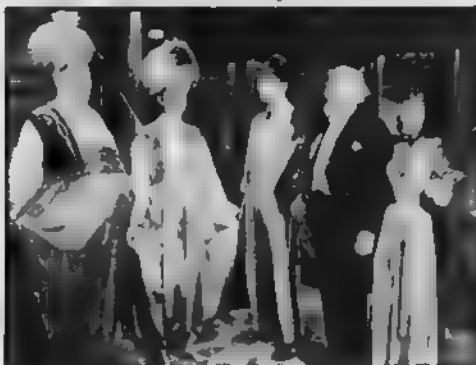
In the 50's the American public turned against Chaplin. His refusal to become an American citizen was seen as evidence that he was a Communist. Disheartened by the ingratitude of a people he had given so much to, Chaplin left the U.S. in 1953 and never returned. He is now in his 80s, living in Switzerland and working on the script of a new film.

LAUREL & HARDY

On screen, Stan Laurel was the weak one who almost seemed stupid at times. In reality he was the creative genius behind the successful team. Born in England to an actor, Stan started performing when he was 13. He came to America with Chaplin in 1910. By 1926 he was directing his own films. In 1927 while making *Get 'em Young* he was directing a bit player named Oliver Hardy. The two hit it off and Hal Roach decided to pair them permanently. They made many box office hits until 1935 when they started to have personal difficulties. They broke up and reconciled many times. Near the end of their careers they were doing so badly financially that they had to go back to doing personal appearances in music halls. Hardy died in 1957 at the age of 65 after a heart attack. Laurel died in 1965 at the age of 75 in poverty.



The familiar mugs of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. In picture on far right, Buster Keaton does his famous strut.



BUSTER KEATON

Keaton's parents were circus performers and by the time he was three Buster had become a member of their acrobatic troupe. When he was 20 Buster and his mother left the senior Keaton because his drinking was a threat to all their lives. In New York, Keaton was offered a Broadway role for \$250 a week and was just about to take it when Fatty Arbuckle invited him to join his film company at only \$40 a week. Buster turned down the more financially attractive offer in favor of the excitement of films. By 1920 Keaton was the head of his own studio; he directed and wrote, and starred in hundreds of films. The appeal of his character—the dignified impressively grave young man, who was always completely unemotional and dead pan no matter what happened to him—was universal. In 1928 he went to work at MGM and soon after, his career and personal life took a turn for the worse. His movies stopped making money, his wife divorced him and he had taken to the bottle. During the 40's Keaton made a successful comeback. He died at the age of 71 in 1966.



ABBOTT & COSTELLO

Bud Abbott was the straight man, Lou Costello was the funny one and they were the comedy team of the 40's and 50's. Costello started out as a salesman, then became a prizefighter and finally a stuntman at MGM. Unhappy with Hollywood he went into vaudeville. Abbott was selling tickets at the theatre where Costello was appearing. One day Costello's straight man didn't show up. Abbott filled in and the act was formed. During the next seven



Dudes Bud and Lou in Ride 'em Cowboy.

years they played Broadway and did some stints on radio. Their film career began in 1940 with *One Night In The Tropics*. In 1942 they were top at the box office. In 1957 the team split after some TV work. Abbott announced he was retiring, but Costello went out as a single. He died of a heart attack in 1959 and Abbott died last year.



Abbott played straight man to daffy Lou Costello during the 40s and 50s.



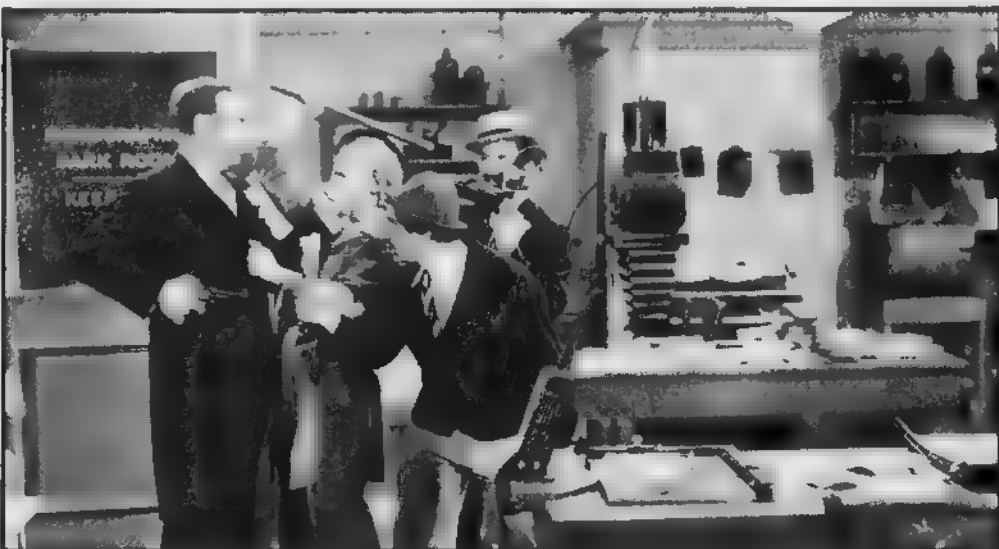
State room scene in the Marx Brothers' dizzy *A Night at the Opera*. Groucho, the family wit, is shown on bottom right with the cigar that was his trademark.

THE MARX BROTHERS

Groucho, Chico and Harpo owe their success to their mother Minnie. She pushed them into show business and managed their vaudeville act. In relatively short time they were playing Broadway and soon after went to Hollywood. The public loved them—together the three combined all the comic elements. Groucho was the wit, the insult man; Harpo was the great pantomimist; and Chico the dialect comedian. Some of their movies such as *A Night At The Opera* are still making money. Fans loved the way the Marx brothers would put themselves into a strange environ-



ment—such as a high society party—and then completely destroy and poke fun at everything and everyone around them. Chico and Harpo are dead, and Groucho, now 84, was presented with a special Oscar at last year's Academy Award ceremonies.



Outrageous doings in *The Big Store*.





NAUGHTY FRENCH POSTCARDS

The Gay Nineties started it all with a new spirit of *joie de vivre*, but the actual naughtiness was much less than appearances. Perhaps it seemed more risqué than it was due to the vivid contrast with the preceding more hidebound Victorian days. In any event, the word for the day was "Naughty but Nice." It was a sentimental and romantic period and the popular songs were of love—lasting, short-lived and unrealized. The world was still a quiet place and the booming guns of World War I had not yet shattered the peaceful silence that most of the world would never experience again. The War brought the farmers of America into contact with the belles of Paris and they—neither group—would ever be the same again. It meant an end to the age of innocence and the twilight of small town living. Suffrage for women began and with it came a new sense of freedom. The old restraints which girdled a



"lady's" freedom were loosened and the women began to make their own rules for living. One change was that more and more of milady's pink and rosy flesh came into public view and the history of the bathing suit became a story of less and less. In the Victorian Age, when a woman wished to bathe publicly, she was swaddled in so much cloth, it was a wonder she survived a dip into the water at all. By the 20s the pantalettes had been torn away and in a few more years, one-piece suits would cause scandals on the beaches. Most Americans found the change bewildering, even if it was enjoyable in a wild, heady (and slightly sinful way.) It wasn't only the war, of course, which brought such vast changes in public morals and private deeds, for it was also the age of Prohibition and the openly flouted law gave a sense of lawlessness to the decade. If one law was so silly—the people reasoned—then maybe others were, and a new liberation was born.



Everything from showing a lady at her toilette to a woman smoking was considered a slight bit provocative. We assume the lady at bottom left was a representative of the spirit of spring.

THE VIDEO EXPLOITS OF FLASH GORDON

By R. T. Allin

Flash Gordon reflected the American sense of destiny, a sense that recognized outer space as the future challenge to the country's pioneering instincts.

From singers to soldiers to world record holders, the pantheon of American mythology is as rich and varied as the nation itself. A rapid glance down the lengthy roster is evidence enough. Our first heroes were, of course, natives of other lands, such as Christopher Columbus and Captain John Smith, each of whom carved his niche in history and folklore by thwarting adversity and conquering the unknown. Smith, in turn, owed his life and legend to the brave and beautiful Indian princess Pocahontas, who was both the first native American and the first female to achieve heroic stature in the New World. The Revolutionary War Period provided a plethora of god-figures: Washington, Hamilton, Paul Revere, Nathan Hale, Jefferson and—perhaps the greatest American of all—Ben Franklin, who packed lightning bolts into both his legendary rod and his beloved young mother country. As the nation expanded, so did the dreams and awe of its imaginative populace, and myths were drawn about such characters as Johnny Appleseed and Paul Bunyan, those odd, adventurous sorts who symbolized a virtuous pioneer spirit seeking to inhabit and inherit the wild, plentiful land. With the advent of technology came the tall tales of blustery John Henry and his futile bout with Captain Tommy's steam drill. Davy Crock-



Promotional ad for the Flash Gordon TV series, which debuted in February, 1953.

ett and Dan'l Boone were products of the 19th century's earliest Indian wars, as was Andy Jackson, who swashbuckled his way into the White House on a wave of romantic adulation.

From Nat Turner to John Brown to Abe Lincoln, from U.S. Grant to Stonewall Jackson, then from Black Jack Pershing to Alvin York to young Jack Kennedy, American mythology cascaded down crimson torrents of conflict and war with gallant war heroes who captured

the population's eager fancy. As with all young countries or commonwealths, heroes arose out of a reverence for the mythical destiny of the land and its masses. America's idols were, for the most part, real men and women who vanquished real foes en route to a real and universal fate. When this fate is finally realized, however, the myth becomes jaded and new ones must arise to maintain the popular union and its flow. In this country, the old myth rode beyond



Kingpin of the galaxy gang for 17 years, wild carnivores fell to Flash's slashing fists and uncharted planets became cosmic dust in the wake of his fury.

its California destiny to Honolulu, then Guam, then Saigon. The flow became a flood, and Americans took to higher ground in search of a brighter mythology to believe in. Which, of course, was Hollywood.

Amid the glamor and glitter of the Gables and Harlows and Lombards and Leighs, all of whom represented the new American folklore, only Flash Gordon, a comic strip hero transposed to the silver screen, continued the older tradition of American mythology. Flash was conceived by cartoonist Alex Raymond in the early 1930's, and his public acceptance was gargantuan and immediate. The character was the ideal human form: a strapping athlete's torso brimming with irrepressible animal energy, steely eyes that pierced like the modern laser, the monumental, indestructible jaw, legs as strong and quick as coiled springs—he could have been created only by an illustrator's fertile mind. Flash Gordon reflected a universal sense of destiny imbued in large segments of our population in the pre-World War II era, a sense that recognized the innocent, unexplored realms of

outer space as the future challenge to the country's pioneer instinct.

When the comic strip was brought to the movie screen in 1936, Flash Gordon was played by muscular Buster Crabbe, national hero in his own right by virtue of his gold medal exploits in the 1928 Olympics. Universal Pictures co-starred Jean Rogers and Priscilla Lawson beside the blond-tressed Crabbe, and the combination provided the company with as huge a smash success as the earlier cartoon version had been. Director Frederick Stephani created a series that ultimately consisted of 13 exciting episodes in the inter-galactic saga, each of which was pure, pre-war science fiction utterly devoid of true anxiety, or anything threatening to the starry-eyed crowds hungry for romance and adventure.

In February of 1953, the old DuMont Television Network took the Flash Gordon legend and recreated it for the nascent American TV audience. The new series possessed every earmark of a sure-fire hit. The show was produced overseas by the German producer Wenzel Luedecke, who brought

the production to such locales as Berlin and Marseilles for various episodes. A young West Coast actor named Steve Holland starred as the dashing space hero, with Irene Champlin as the comely Dale and Joe Nash playing the role of the wise and mysterious Dr. Zarkov.

The first installment of the serial found Flash and his cohorts flying through space to the kingdom of Mongo, a place ruled by Ming, a ruthless gentleman who has ambitions to conquer the universe. Ming discovers the intruder from Earth and throws Flash into a wire-enclosed arena that harbors fierce ape-men bent on tearing their prisoner apart. Somehow, Flash survives, thanks to Ming's daughter who, smitten by the attraction of an "Earth man," rushes to his aid. The liberation is short-lived, however, as a trap door is sprung and the pair hurtles down a tunnel into a black pit. There they witness the "dragons of death," which emit eerie whines and screams in anticipation of consuming their meaty feast.

Flash again manages to escape by way of a secret door, but at the same time the blonde heroine Dale



Flash (Steve Holland) and Dale (Irene Champlin) attempt to escape the clutches of the intergalactic fiend of the week.

is in the process of being "dehumanized" so that she may become the slave bride of Ming. While caught in the web of hypnosis, she is to be married in a ceremony consisting of 13 blows on a gigantic cymbal. As the first few blows are heard, Flash fights to reach the subcellar where the ceremony is taking place, only to run into a cave-like hole where still more monsters are on the loose. A giant, apparition then appears on the screen, which resembles a sea-horse with a tail and has the mammoth claws of a crab. It picks up Flash and starts to squeeze him. Close-ups of Flash's face indicate his extremely pained and agonized state. The monster squeezes him some more and begins to carry Flash Gordon away. The gong sounds once more and—tune in next week, the DuMont Network tells the quaking viewers in the living rooms of 1953 America.

The episode succeeded on many levels. Steve Holland performed particularly well, Wallace Worsley directed ably, and Irene Champlin fainted right on cue. The critics, however—Jack Gould of the *New York Times* especially—attacked

the show in general for its offensiveness to certain standards of taste and its violation of established notions of privacy. Gould offered such comments as these: "...the DuMont Television Network presented a macabre and sordid half hour which had for its sole purpose a stimulation of horror, fright, and ghoulish suspense. It was an utterly deplorable abuse of television's welcome in the homes, one which would make any reasonable parent anxious to shake some sense into the heads of video broadcasters."

Gould further stated that, "The deliberate presentation of this type of program just before bedtime, with a hero left in a state of horrifying peril, is an instance of reckless social behavior that is wholly inexcusable. There are many ways of entertaining children, even in serials, without conjuring up images of cruelty and torture which, particularly when conveyed in figures that both move and talk, so easily can have an unhappy aftermath in the minds of youngsters."

Flash Gordon had been kingpin of the galaxy gang for 17 years. Wild carnivores fell to his slashing

fists, uncharted planets became cosmic pebbles in the wake of an offended Flash's fury. When Flash smashed an android robot in the gut, not even a TV repairman could do anything about its busted tubes. But Jack Gould? The *New York Times*? Flash Gordon had finally met his match. After 26 traumatizing episodes, the legend of Flash and Dale and Dr. Zarkov descended from the heavens to bite the proverbial dust.

Steve Holland, now a successful illustrator living in New York City, recalls his part in the old television series with mixed feelings. "Sure it was fun, at times—we shot 'Flash Gordon' in places like West Berlin and Marseilles, and I have no bad memories, really. Generally speaking it seems like I only did three shows, because from then on they all ran together as far as I was concerned—Flash Gordon was saving somebody, somebody was saving Flash Gordon, Dale was in trouble, Dr. Zarkov was lost on the planet so-and-so—and that was the worst thing of all, the repetition, the boredom."

When asked as to whether or not he condoned the show's effect on



One of the scenes that critics found objectionable on the grounds that they would give younger viewers nightmares.

Television critics were not terribly receptive to Flash in 1953. Jack Gould called the program "a deplorable abuse of television's welcome in the home."

the minds of impressionable youngsters, about whom Jack Gould was so protective in 1953, the thoughtful, personable Holland replied: "I don't think it was bad for the kids, even back then in those innocent days. Heroes are necessary, they always have been and always will be—as long as the hero represents something positive, something active and good. I'm not

so sure about movie stars as heroes—they're so unreal, so superficial, they should only be taken on the level of entertainment, I think. Real heroes—and even fictional heroes can be real—do something, they set out to accomplish something good and they do it. Movie stars only look the part, which is great, so long as they're not considered super-

human..."

"As far as the show was concerned," Holland continued, I suppose it was as good as any of them at the time. Maybe it was just average—I really can't say. My kids never watched *Flash Gordon*, though, if that's any indication—they always preferred the comedians who ran around and beat themselves up..."



Relaxing on the Flash Gordon set between takes are (from left) Steve Holland, two space people and Irene Champlin.



MICKEY JELKE AND THE V-GIRLS

By Tad Richards

Really good scandals seem to have died with the papers whose existence was built around them—papers like the old New York *Daily Mirror* and the *Journal-American*. Or perhaps it was the other way around, and the papers died when the forbidden fun went out of juicy scandals. At any rate, the name of Hearst nowadays conjures up guerilla politics rather than The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing or Dorothy Kilgallen's coverage of the Dr. Sam Shepherd murder case; the *National Enquirer* has switched from "MOTHER EATS HER BABY" to heartwarming stuff like "TIERRA DEL FUEGO SEXTUPLETS EAT THEIR PABLUM FROM SILVER BOWL SENT TO THEM BY CONNIE STEVENS," and *Confidential* is what Nixon put on his memos to Chuck Colson.

Things are so bad that John

Brooks, the "Spanking Mayor of Chelsea," recently sued the British newspaper *Sunday People* for printing a story which called him a "menace to young girls," saying he had lured them onto his yacht and spanked their bottoms. He sued not because the story wasn't true, but because he contended the practice did not make him a menace to young girls. And he won.

What romance can there be in a call girl scandal today, when happy hookers, mirthful madams and contented courtesans are rushing head over round heels to, er, kiss and tell in print?

None like the romance of the old days. None like the romance that began on August 16, 1952, with the sensational arrest of the Playboy Procurer, the Whoremongering Heir, Mickey Jelke.

Minot Frazier ("Mickey") Jelke III was the 22-year-old scion of a

vast oleomargarine fortune. To all outward appearances, he was your typical, red-blooded young playboy-about-town. He was listed in the *Social Register* and drove a brand-new blue Cadillac.

He also carried a couple of guns. But more explosive than that was the revelation Assistant District Attorney Anthony J. Liebler unleashed at a dramatic press conference after Jelke's arrest: the walls of Mickey's apartment were lined with *photographs of naked women!*

Photographs of naked women. That was enough, in 1952, to call forth a special announcement from the D.A.'s office.

But of course, it wasn't Mickey's only transgression. The police who burst into his apartment on that fateful evening in 1952, finding him with what was variously described as "a stunning blonde" or "a lush blonde," heroically braved

the assault of those photographs on their morals and eyeballs and promptly arrested the young socialite as a "common pimp," who provided a stable of call girls for his society friends.

Thus began one of journalism's "finest hours," an episode of American history that brought a new word into the language—one that lived and died with the Jelke trial, to be sure, but a splendid word while it lasted: *V-girls*. Mickey Jelke and his stable of V-girls.

V was for vice.

The queen of the V-girls, and the star witness for the prosecution at the Jelke trial, was 19-year-old Pat Ward, born Sandra Wisotsky, who had worked her way up from New York's Lower East Side to the bright lights of Broadway and cafe society, thence to a stint as Jelke's top call girl, to the tune of \$15,000 in five months, at \$50 to \$100 a trick.

Pat's youth, attractiveness, professional qualifications and flair for the dramatic quickly made her the star of the show. Everyone wanted to write about her. After all, as pundit Murray Kempton, one of her more unlikely Boswells, wrote



"Mickey" Jelke adjusts his tie, above. Top of pages, from left: Pat Ward and her little red book in which she kept names of "friends". Pat and her attorney, J. Roland Sala chat with an acquaintance as Mickey passes by. Two Assistant District Attorneys, Ryan and Liebler enter the court.

in the New York *Post*, "if Little Orphan Annie could blow smoke out of her eyes, those eyes would look like Pat Ward's. But she still has her youth, and no man can resist a good-looking chick when he knows she's a tramp."

Pat came to court looking more like a sober, pure-minded high school business and secretarial student than the most celebrated V-girl of her generation, and she was ready to be "the best witness you ever saw," she told reporters.

The core of her testimony was that she had fallen in love at first sight with Mickey, and moved in with him, fully expecting to become his blushing bride. Mickey gave her a ring, took her to dinner at his mother's, and promised her they would be married in a few months, as soon as his brother's inheritance came through and he could borrow \$20,000. (Mickey's own trust fund would not be his for a few more years.) Pat wanted to get married right away, "even if it meant living in a cold-water flat," but Mickey was horrified. "I couldn't allow my wife to live like that," he told her, and countered with the suggestion that Pat take up prostitution for a while. Pat

wasn't so sure about the idea, but when Mickey assured her "there was nothing improper about it," she went along. For five months, she handled customers provided by Mickey and—while Mickey vacationed in Florida—by New York madam Erica Steel, to whom Mickey's parting orders were, "keep her busy." After five months Pat and Mickey split up, and she retired.

There was all this and more to her testimony, but the problem was getting hold of it. When Pat took the stand, her attorney, J. Roland Sala, who looked disconcertingly like a pudgy Joel Grey in *Cabaret*, asked Judge Francis Valente to close the court to press and public during her testimony, out of consideration for Pat's youth and public morality.

There were those who thought that the decision might have something to do with protecting important people whose names might be bandied about in court ("D.A. REPORTSPAT ON STAND HAS NAMED '12 TO 20' CLIENTS," a *Journal-American* headline read) but the innocent youth of America was his real concern, the judge declared.

"For weeks," he said, announcing his decision, "I have watched with growing uneasiness the mushrooming public anticipation of lurid and salacious details... Indiscriminate release of the obscene and sordid details... might well be a positive disservice to our youth."

Lawyer Sala was no less protective of the nation's youth. He told a reporter, in an emotion-filled voice, "If I thought only of Pat Ward and not of others whose morality might be influenced, I would have the trial opened to reporters... She would arouse such compassion that tears would come into the eyes of every human being—even you reporters."

The press ban unleashed a storm of indignation in the New York papers, all of it high-minded and principled as all get-out. Walter Winchell, who had reported daily on the more salacious aspects of the case, suddenly realized after the ban that "Pat Ward is not the issue. Nor is her testimony. Neither is the defendant, Jelke. Their sordid stories have been running, with different names, since the first man learned to write. The name Jelke, and his guilt or innocence, is



utterly unimportant... The issue is whether ANY defendant in ANY criminal case can be tried unconstitutionally, and the exclusion of the press is only one feature of the unusual court in progress... As far as this reporter is concerned, Pat Ward's story is of no consequence... the Constitutional issue is."

Other reporters were more enterprising. Marjorie Farnsworth of the *Journal-American* stationed herself inside the ladies' room of the courthouse, and began running an exclusive series of interviews with Pat from the intimacy of her toilette. "Pat was humming a gay song while combing her hair and applying lipstick during a recess late yesterday," she noted for a touch of authenticity in one story.

The idea quickly caught on with the other papers, and the ladies'

room became the news center of the trial. From it came titillating intimations of the identities of some of the biggies being bandied about inside, and wonderful new possibilities for scandal journalism. MICKEY ROONEY "JUST MET" PAT WARD, the *Daily News* bannered, the type twice the size of the day's other headline: ROSENBERGS MUST DIE, IKE RULES."

Another ladies' room exclusive, in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, was Pat's disclosure that she had agreed to write an "Advice to Teenagers" column for two metropolitan dailies, a column which, sadly, never materialized.

Pat was on the stand for two weeks, and was followed by other V-girls, madams and procurers. The court was then reopened to the press for the defense, which

Marjorie Farnsworth stationed herself inside the ladies' room of the courthouse and began running an exclusive series of *intimate toilette* interviews.



Walter Winchell (left) objected to the press ban at the trial. Mickey Jelke (above) being led away after sentencing, and Pat Ward is shown after testifying Jelke gave her a fur coat.

was pallid by comparison. Mickey, his lawyer said, was a "poor little rich boy," led astray by unscrupulous V-persons. His mother testified that she gave Mickey a handsome allowance of \$1500 a month, and there was no truth to the story that he needed to pimp in order to stay out of cold-water flats. She also admitted sadly, that several of her son's V-friends had been guests—in her home—including, of course, Pat Ward. "I thought she was just another girl he liked," added Mama plaintively. Mama had not liked Pat at all, and had finally asked Mickey to stop bringing her around, but, of course, she had never dreamed...

Papa Jelke, for his part, dismissed the whole escapade with a cavalier, "Mickey just likes good-looking girls."

Mickey's lawyer, in keeping with

the spirit of the McCarthy 50s characterized Pat as a "Fifth Amendment prostitute with crocodile tears."

The verdict? Guilty as sin.

The case was appealed, and the verdict overturned by the appellate division of the State Supreme Court, on the grounds that Judge Valente's press ban had prevented Mickey from getting a fair public trial. The *Journal-American* interpreted the decision to mean that it could now publish the court transcripts, and started a page one serialization of Pat Ward's testimony, but the other papers didn't bother—the coverage from the ladies' room had been so complete that there were really no more secrets.

A retrial ended with the same verdict: guilty on three counts of compulsory prostitution and one



count of carrying an unlicensed deadly weapon. The charges carried a maximum sentence of forty years. The all-male jury—eleven married men and one bachelor—recommended clemency, and the judge set sentence at three to six years. Mickey entered Sing Sing on June 21, 1955, and was released in April, 1957.

And, as the crowning indignity, he was dropped from the *Social Register*.

THE OTHER LIFE

By Penelope Ross

No institution, however hallowed, was safe from the barbs of Benchley, Parker and Sherwood. Their outrageous satire was the soul of the shocking 20s.

Before *Life* magazine became synonymous with photojournalism, another *Life* magazine flourished—one that was founded in the 1890's and was dedicated to humor of the brash, irreverent college variety. As a matter of fact, the first editor, Edward S. Martin, had been co-founder of the *Harvard Lampoon*, and, just as the *National Lampoon* of today has its roots in that venerable college magazine, *Life* in its time drew heavily on the work of writers who had first appeared in the *Harvard Lampoon*. *Life* and today's *Lampoon* shared other qualities, good and bad. Both relied extensively on special issues, both could be heavy-handed and insensitive in their satire, (more the result of naivete than genuine viciousness) and both used the scatter-gun technique in lambasting targets, blasting away with fervor at the reasonable as well as the pompous, bombastic and purely awful. Pointed humor aimed against corrupt politicians and profiteers mingled with embarrassing ethnic jokes based on black, Irish and Jewish stereotypes while the editors busily denounced as "radical" and "un-American" all the seminal movements of the early 20th century—labor unions, women's suffrage and socialism.

By 1920, *Life* was a creaking old institution of 38 years that desperately needed new direction away from this too-mindless



A Maxfield Parish sentry guards cover.

stance. To their credit, the editors recognized the need to re-vamp their magazine to meet the demands of a newly sophisticated audience that had been educated and toughened by World War I. The owner and publisher at that time was Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson Girl" drawings that had been appearing in *Life* since the 1890's and he and the editors set out to restore the magazine by hiring new talented young writers. One of the first of this breed to join was Robert Benchley, who became *Life*'s drama critic in 1920. Benchley,

then 30, had had a varied career that included a stint as President of the *Harvard Lampoon* (class of '11) and leading writer and performer of the Hasty Pudding Shows, both credits that immediately endeared him to Martin. Since leaving college, he had worked as a reporter for the *Herald Tribune*, translated French catalogues for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, written advertising copy, and been a theatrical press agent. Since 1914, he had also been a regular contributor to *Vanity Fair*, and in 1919, he had been hired by Frank Crowninshield to be its managing editor. One of the first people he hired was another Harvard graduate, recently returned from the war, Robert E. Sherwood. Benchley hadn't known Sherwood at college, but the younger man had idolized him at Harvard, and, as a result, he, too, had done extensive writing for the *Harvard Lampoon*. A third staff member was Dorothy Parker and the three soon became close friends.

They also became collaborators in the running inter-office warfare between the office manager and the staff. Hemmed in by petty restrictions, the three enjoyed demolishing the rules in ways that were sometimes exuberant, sometimes subtle. When it was announced that no staff member was allowed to reveal his salary to anyone else in the office (Crown-

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1921 Life Publishing Co.

Rivals



Life was lucky in the 1920s to secure the services of Robert Benchley, Robert Sherwood, and Dorothy Parker (left to right.)

inshield loved discovering new writing talent and then seriously underpaying it), the three showed up wearing large sandwich boards announcing their weekly stipends. The rule about keeping salaries secret quickly disappeared without a trace.

Another rule that irked the perpetually tardy trio was the one regarding lateness. Employees had to provide a written excuse for their lateness on small file cards distributed for that purpose. That bit of petty tyranny went the way of the Salary Disclosure Rule when Benchley arrived at the office seven minutes late one day and proceeded to fill out the front, back and margins of his card in tiny writing explaining that, on his way to work, he passed the Hippodrome (a theater that housed spectacular revues) just as a herd of elephants had escaped and were rampaging in the street. Needless to say, he stopped to help round them up, and by the time he had chased them up Broadway, down Riverside Drive and back into the Hippodrome, he was seven minutes late for work.

It was therefore no surprise that their employment at *Vanity Fair* was abruptly terminated. Sherwood and Parker were fired at the beginning of 1920 (he for general reasons, she for her too scathing drama reviews that drove away advertisers) and Benchley, in a characteristic gesture of sympathy, resigned in protest. It was a lucky break for *Life*, who within two years would secure the services of

all three.

In 1920, Robert Benchley was already a respected critic and humorist. He was also a beloved man, inasmuch as he could be witty without being malicious, a self-deprecator who liked to say he didn't know much when in fact he knew a great deal about many things, and a man of conscience who often put his beliefs on the line (both Benchley and Parker were vigorous protesters of the Sacco/Vanzetti trial). And for the next nine years, he was not only drama critic and humorist for *Life*, but a major factor in giving the magazine its last chance to survive the competition that was springing up all around it—those literary and humor journals like *Vanity Fair*, *American Mercury* and the *New Yorker* that were luring away *Life*'s

audience.

Even his work as a drama critic couldn't dim the affection people felt for Benchley, since his hallmark in reviewing was a notable lack of viciousness. Even when he disliked a play or actor, he was gentle in his disapproval in print. Occasionally, though, even Benchley's patience would snap, as it did on the opening night of "The Squall," a play whose dialogue was done entirely in pidgin English. When the heroine said, "Me Nubi. Me good girl. Me stay," Benchley rose from his seat, announced "Me Bobby. Me bad boy. Me go" and left the theater. He never did review the play which is memorable only because of his classic put-down.

Robert E. Sherwood joined *Life* in 1921 as the book's first movie



The Cheapest Man



Getting Into Deep Water

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"Birds of a Feather"

critic. According to his biographer, John Mason Brown, "Sherwood's approach, like Benchley's, was the winning talent of being exceptional and sounding average. Abstractions were not his concern; particulars were. His tone was down to earth; his point of view personal and his style conversational in its ease. Although he had the self-assurance of anyone who thinks his opinions are worthy of print, he was almost belligerently without aesthetic pretensions."

Sherwood's taste in film stands up remarkably well, even today. He enthused over the great silent comedians — Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton—the athletic grace of Douglas Fairbanks, and the more difficult works of Eric Von Stroheim and Fritz Lang. He recognized the debt the whole movie industry owed to D.W. Griffith at a time when that great pioneer was falling out of favor for being "old fashioned." Throughout his reviews, there runs a thread of delight at extolling talent wherever it showed itself, as well as a distaste for the shoddy or sensational.

By 1924, Sherwood had become indispensable to *Life* and, at the age of 28, he was named managing editor. The magazine was once again having difficulties. Its circulation had fallen to 100,000—half of what it was in 1921 when it was at its peak. Sherwood, with the aid of Benchley, came closer to making the magazine work than at any other time since its founding. He attracted his friends from the Algonquin Round Table to write for *Life*—a group that included Marc Connelly (author of "Green Pastures"), George S. Kaufman (co-author of over 40 plays, many of them comedy classics), Franklin Pierce Adams (known as FPA and Benchley's boss at the *Herald Tribune*) and Frank Sullivan, not to mention Dorothy Parker. They were joined by cartoonists John Held, Jr., who created the flapper, Gluyas Williams and H. T. Webster.

In addition, Sherwood gave the magazine a new format and typography (designed by William Dwiggins), letter contests and the Special Issues, which did so much to keep the magazine going. One of the best ideas was a relic of Benchley's Harvard days, when he had presented the first Burlesque Issue of the *Lampoon*. Ironically,

the magazine it satirized was *Life*. He had developed the idea while enraged over a particularly bad issue. The parody was an artistic and financial success. Now *Life* had its Burlesque Issues, which poked fun at other popular periodicals of the day—*Saturday Evening Post*, *American Mercury*, *National Geographic*, *Photoplay*, *New Masses* and *Time*. These were written in collaboration with Marc Connelly, and once again, proved to be artistically and financially sound. One of the classic lines from those issues was a *Daily News* parody which showed a photo of a gilded coach being drawn through the streets by men, for which Benchley provided the following caption: "Convention Crazy Dentists Parade Through Streets of London, Dragging Largest Gold



A deft cover design announces spring.

Tooth In 'The World.'

Besides their overall contributions to the magazine, Sherwood and Benchley continued in their respective columnist jobs of film and drama reviewers. This work included, besides the new reviews each week, capsule comments of the films and plays currently on view in New York—a horrendous task since 40 plays or more were often playing at the same time. Benchley's life was further complicated by that indestructible wonder of the 1920's theater, "Abie's Irish Rose." When it opened in May, 1922, Benchley had rightly dismissed it as a badly written, simpleminded re-hash of ethnic stereotypes and confidently ex-

pected it to close in a matter of days. To his dismay and horror, the play attracted a large audience and ran for years, thereby requiring him to write a new capsule comment every week for a work he detested.

His comments started out simply; the first week he said, "Something awful," the second "One of the season's worst" and the third, "Eighty ton fun." And from then on, his statements veered between distaste and boredom and set a record in the annals of long-time feuds. Some of the more memorable were:

"Just about as low as good clean fun can get."

"In another two or three years, we'll have this play driven out of town."

"All right, if you never went beyond the fourth grade."

"The Phoenicians were among the earliest settlers of Britain."

"There is no letter 'w' in the French language."

"Four years old, this week. Three ounces of drinking iodine, please."

"We might as well say it now as later. We don't like this play."

"Closing soon. (Only fooling.)"

Eventually "Abie's Irish Rose" did close, to Benchley's relief. However, relief did not arrive until 1927. By that time, Benchley had made his own debut as a performer in the Music Box Revue for Irving Berlin, doing his "Treasurer's Report." That job had happened because Benchley, Sherwood and some other critics had decided to put on their own one-night-only show to amuse the actors and writers whose work they criticized.

Benchley's spot was written, as was most of his work, at the last moment, arising from his lifelong inability to cope with his own finances. He was seen by Berlin, who offered him \$500 a week to repeat his performance on Broadway. Benchley needed the money—he was always in debt—but he also wanted to keep his drama critic's job. Therefore, a complicated timetable was constructed to allow him to do both. Every night, he went on stage at 8:50 and was off at 8:58, thereby allowing him to see the beginning and end of Act I of whatever play he was reviewing. His wife, Gertrude, filled him in on the portions he missed, and the reviews duly appeared in

(Continued on page 71)

REMEMBER WHEN...?

By Dan Carlinsky

If you watched the small screen in its youth—or wished you had—these 30 questions are guaranteed to tickle your memory and drive you bananas.



Everyone knows Uncle Miltie, but do you know his sponsor?

Here's No. 2 in a series of trivia tests designed to tickle your memory, tug at your heartstrings and drive you bananas.

The subject of this quiz is television of the '50s, and a mere 30 questions don't begin to do justice to the wealth of memories shared by anyone who watched the little screen in its youth. The first 15 are easy—you should get at least 10 of them. Then watch out—the rest are a bit tougher.

1. Who sponsored Uncle Miltie?
2. With what smash show do you associate "the isolation booth?"
3. Name the newscaster who became famous for

closing his show with these words: "Glad we could get together." (Extra credit for knowing who said farewell by raising his palm and intoning "Peace" long before it became fashionable.)

4. What was the big payoff on *The Big Payoff*? Who displayed the prize each weekday afternoon?
5. Who was always hounding Dobie Gillis and trying to sell him on marriage?
6. Who was known as Mr. Wizard?
7. Who played Lt. Jacobi on *Peter Gunn*?
8. Complete this introduction: "And now, here he is—the one, the only..."



The isolation booth was a fixture on what quiz show?



Kukla, Fran and Ollie delighted both kids and grown-ups for years. What was the last name of the human third of the trio?

9. Tell what these three men have in common: Al "Jazzbo" Collins, Steve Allen, Jack Lescoulie.
10. Jack Paar's musical director was: A. Skitch Henderson, B. Jose Melis, C. Mitch Miller, D. Doc Severinson, E. Dody Goodman.
11. What was Sgt. Joe Friday's badge number?
12. Finish this opening cry: "Would you like to be...?"
13. What did George and Marion Kirby (the ghostly friends of Cosmo Topper) call their dog? And what was the dog's chief vice?
14. Complete this slogan, associated with TV boxing: "How are you fixed for _____?"
15. Who was Teddy Nadler?
16. Girth aside, what did Jackie Gleason and William Bendix have in common?
17. What perky little comic star of the early 50s wore a super-long scarf as a trademark? (It regularly unrolled to his feet as he opened his coat.)
18. Complete the couple and identify them: Blanche and _____ Morton.
19. Who played Joan's husband in *I Married Joan* and what was his occupation?
20. In *I Remember Mama*, Mama was a housewife. But what did her husband Lars do—when he could find work? And who played the role, op-



What did "Steeverino" and Al Collins have in common?



His trademark was a long scarf that unrolled to his feet.



Lucy and Ricky Ricardo were the First Family of television during the 50s. Do you remember their exact home address?

21. Who played Peggy Wood?
22. Who played Danny Thomas' son in *Make Room for Daddy*?
23. Who was Gunther Toody?
24. Quick—give A. the last name of Fran in *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* and B. the first name of Mr. Conklin, *Our Miss Brooks*' principal.
25. Who was orchestra leader on *Your Hit Parade*?
26. What did Ernie Kovacs call his zany musical aggregation?
27. Who was John Beresford Tipton's secretary and messenger?
28. What man was described in his theme song as

29. being "brave, courageous and bold?"
30. What children's show encouraged the kiddies to place a plastic shield over the TV screen and draw on it?
31. What was the name of *My Little Margie*'s landlady's cat? (The landlady, of course, was Mrs. Davis.)
32. Give Lucy and Ricky Ricardo's exact home address.

(Answers on page 68)



Whats-His-Name conducting on *Your Hit Parade*.



What did Ernie Kovacs call his zany crew of musicians?

MIKE HAMMER'S MASTERMIND

By Ron Fry

The astonishing thing about Hammer's success is that nobody likes him but the public; no major reviewer has ever had a kind word for author Spillane.

"I snapped the side of the rod across his face and opened the flesh to the bone. He dropped the sap...with a scream starting to come out of his throat only to get it cut off in the middle as I pounded his teeth back into his mouth with the end of the barrel. The big guy...got so mad he came right at me with his head down and I took my own damn time about kicking him in the face. He smashed into the door and lay there bubbling. So I kicked him again and he stopped bubbling..."

In 1952, Mickey Spillane was the undisputed master of detective fiction and his star—Mike Hammer—the latest great American hero. In five short years, Spillane's Hammer thrillers sold more than 11 million copies in English and had been translated into French, Portuguese, Finnish, Danish, Swedish and Dutch. His five novels went through 72 printings, more than one a month.

Mike Hammer is not exactly what you would expect in an all-American hero. He's loud, pushy, very violent, a paradigm male chauvinist—and not a little insane. He is not the most gentle of men when crossed, attacked or even remotely displeased. In fact, he might just pummel you for the hell of it if he decides to go, as he put it, "a little kill crazy." Heroes can be strange at times.



Mickey Spillane in 1953; at the time his five novels sold 11 million copies.

Mike Hammer has been trying to clean up New York since 1947, as a self-appointed dispenser of crude justice. In his first appearance (*I, The Jury*) he belatedly discovered that his then-current girlfriend murdered his best friend. His anger—never held in check, for very long—led him to quietly shoot her in her stark naked belly (just a little above the belly button) as she plaintively whimpered, "Mike, how c-could you?" His classic answer: "It was easy, baby."

That one scene should have told us something about the way Mike Hammer does things. In the five books published up to 1952, he

eventually managed to manhandle more people per chapter than any fictional character in history (and remember—he's on *our* side!). It wasn't until *The Big Kill* (1951) that he eventually uncovered a trustworthy ally—a year-old baby who blasted the killer with a .45 that just happened to be lying on a low table.

Although the Spillane novels were originally published in hard-cover by E.P. Dutton and Co. (with respectable sales), it was the 25¢ Signet releases from New American Library that made both Mike Hammer and Mickey Spillane household words.

A great many explanations have been advanced for Spillane's astronomical success, but the key ingredients remain: sex and sadism. Spillane, of course, points to his imitators and comes up with a different explanation: "(They) can't succeed because they write for *today's* market instead of *tomorrow's*." As for sex, he really doesn't think his books have been very sexy, when compared to other writers. "What kind of sex is there in *I, The Jury*? So a girl takes off her clothes and gets shot. That's *sex*?"

The girls don't always get shot right away, but their luck with Mike Hammer isn't going to make them wealthy. Two of the first five novels open with a chance meeting between Hammer and a woman. Both women die immediately, one

Mickey Spillane THE BIG KILL

(Over 5,000,000 copies sold!)



Mickey Spillane THE BODY LOVERS

The ~~new~~ blockbuster featuring Mike Hammer



A SIGNET THRILLER PRESENTS

Mickey Spillane MY GUN IS QUICK

Over 5,000,000 copies sold!



Mickey Spillane I, THE JURY

Spillane's greatest! Over 6,000,000 copies





A scene from *My Gun Is Quick* (1957) with Robert Bray as Mike Hammer.

by murder and one by suicide. Of the seven intimate encounters he has, six end in murder (three shootings, one strangulation, one drowning and one slit throat). Of the three he *really* likes, he shoots two, (one of whom turns out to be a man) and the third is shot for him.

The only significant female character who manages to stay alive in the novels is Mike's secretary, Velda, for whom he maintains a constant but furiously restrained affection. The only book in which he treats her at all tenderly, has her kidnapped by Communists, stripped, hung up by her wrists and beaten with a knotted rope. Luckily she has been spared Mike's lovemaking.

Mike kills 48 people in five novels. Yet statisticians who have made a kind of box score of his kills have concluded that of these 48 people, 34—all innocent of the original crime—would have probably survived if Mike had stayed out of their way. Spillane's lightning storytelling technique manages to cover up the ineptitude of his man. But his readers don't seem to mind.

The astonishing thing about Hammer's success is that nobody likes him but the public. No major book reviewer anywhere has ever had a kind word for Mickey Spillane. He has been called "an inept vulgarian" (by the now-defunct New York *Herald Tribune*), and his hero has been called every-

thing from a slightly insane paranoiac to a completely insane sado-masochist...but no one ever compared him to Thomas Wolfe, which is why he remarked, "If Thomas Wolfe sold, I'd write like [him]".

Spillane often proclaims that he writes only for money—and only when he needs it. With his sales approaching the 60 million mark, he obviously doesn't need it very much.

Despite his millionaire status, Spillane goes out of his way to prove to friends that success has not spoiled him. He owns only two suits and two pairs of shoes—he orders the \$12 kind out of catalogues. He is quite content with fifty-cent ties.

A bantam-sized, slightly educated, self-professed roughneck, Spillane is not the epitome of your common, everyday author. Although he now owns a farm in South Carolina and a townhouse in New York City, he grew up in Brooklyn—and still talks like it. A one-time lifeguard and trampoline artist (for Ringling Bros. Circus) Spillane is proud of his muscles and usually wears T-shirts and tight-fitting jeans to show them off. In contrast to the brooding, ominous appearance he presented as the model for the book jacket of *The Big Kill* (mouth set, eyes squinted, biceps swollen, gun cocked), Spillane in person gives an impression of eager, nervous affability. He resembles a high-strung fox

terrier behind whose amiable bark lurks a strong urge to bite.

Spillane started writing in high school, but had little success. He spent the late 30s doing odd jobs, drifting west in 1939 for a brief flirtation with Hays State College in Kansas.

The turning point in his career, however, came not at college but in Gimbel's basement in the fall of 1940. There he met Joe Gill. The two were quickly drawn together by a mutual fondness for beer. Joe soon introduced Mickey to his brother, Ray, who was then an editor of *Funnies, Inc.*, a group that produced freelance comic books for a variety of publishers. Spillane soon left Gimbel's and went to work for Ray, soon producing one eight-page comic story per day; most authors, according to Ray, took a minimum of three days, others a week.

After a stint as an instructor in the Air Force (it always irked him that he never got overseas to see action), it was natural that Mickey would drift back to Joe and Ray. This time the three started a larger comic book factory and made it successful in record time.

But Spillane wasn't happy, and one day, in the spring of 1946, he walked into the factory and announced, "I'm going to write a novel." It took him just 19 days, working in the hurly-burly of the factory, to complete *I, The Jury*. He invented the name Mike Hammer (women love the name Mike, he's certain), but most of the other characters were named for actual people, a practice he never discontinued.

The manuscript eventually found its way to E.P. Dutton Editor-in-Chief Nicholas Wreden, who recalls telling the first editorial conference, "It isn't in the best of taste, but it will sell." That's a bit of an understatement to say the least. Of the top ten fiction best sellers in the last *fifty* years, seven belong to Spillane. He is second only to Erle Stanley Gardner in total sales. When a booth was set up by Signet at a meeting of the Modern Language Association, professors would often stop to complement their publishing of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, then ask: "Do you have a Mickey Spillane I could read on the train?"

Many fans worried in 1952 when Spillane announced his conversion

Bantam-sized, slightly educated, a self-professed roughneck, Spillane was not the epitome of a common, everyday author—and success did not spoil him.



Spillane, himself, played Hammer in *The Girl Hunters* (1963) above. Below, L. Biff Elliot played Hammer in *I, The Jury* (1963). R., Spillane in 1973.



to the Bible-thumping Jehovah's Witnesses sect. Despite his disclaimer—"I'll continue to write. More Mike Hammers are in the works"—his fans waited nine years until his eighth book, *The Deep*, was published in 1961. They needn't have worried. Eleven books have been published since, including *The Erection Set* (1973) which featured his second wife, Sherri, on the cover—nude. ("That can't be Mickey Spillane's wife!" gasped an on-the-air Dick Cavett. "Why not," said Sherri. "I told him I wanted to be naked on his next book.")

With so many best sellers behind him, most of which have already been made into movies (or were profitably optioned out), Mickey Spillane doesn't have to worry about writing another book for the money. Maybe he'll just sit on the South Carolina beach and wait to catch up to Erle (135 million sales) Stanley Gardner. And maybe he'll iron a T-shirt.

Not bad for a 57-year old comic book writer from Brooklyn. ☐





DOLLY PARTON: LIVIN' ON THE LAND

By Linda Solomon

"We was country people and we lived on our land. We were a long ways from the nearest doctor. Six of us were born at home; I was one of them."

"Girls ain't no different than the boys with a shotgun," declared country music star Dolly Parton, whose autobiographical impressions in song have done much to communicate the survival instincts of self-reliant country folk whose traditional pioneering lifestyle is not so much lovingly preserved as it is economically and emotionally endured.

One of the few country artists who have rated a listing in "Who's Who In America," Dolly was reared on a 45-acre farm in Catton's Chapel, in eastern Tennessee, the foothills of the Smokey Mountains—200 miles from Nashville's Music Row, her present base of professional activities. Her current suburban abode in Brentwood, Tenn., has 23 rooms, plenty of space for Dolly to share with various of her 11 brothers and sisters plus assorted blood and "kissin' cousins" who comprise the Travelin' Family Band, Dolly's backup musicians and an integral part of her road show.

"We was country people," she explains proudly, "and we lived on our land. In fact, Daddy never had another job for years. When the kids got big enough to do the farm work, Daddy got a job doing construction work. That was just somethin' extra that gave us a little money for a few other things—doctor bills, mostly."

"We were a long ways from the nearest town or doctor. Six of us

kids were born at home, and I was one of them. Of course, there was a doctor—Dr. Robert F. Thomas. I wrote a song about him on my *Tennessee Mountain Home* album (RCA). But he used to ride horseback to get back to where we lived, way back in the mountains. In fact, when I was a kid, it was like people lived 200 or 300 years ago. We moved out later, in my high school years."

Unlike, say, John-Boy of *The Waltons*, Dolly disliked high school. "I hated every day I went. But I had to know I could do it. I thought if I got the determination to go to school with nothin' to wear and no chance, well, I'll have the ambition in life to do anything else I want to do."

Her teachers in Sevier County weren't interested in her writing and she was never asked to sing in the chapel programs, although she did play snare drum in the school band. "It was just one of those things," she observed philosophically. "We were from a poor family. People tend to ignore you when you're poor. Nobody seemed to understand me back then, I guess because I was different. I was in my own world."

Dolly has been writing since she was five. "Mom said I was always makin' up riddles, rhymes and songs since I was a baby because I was always curious and aware of all things around me. I used to beg her to write them down so she

could read them back to me. I write all the time! Poems and stories, too. That's a dream of mine, to be known as a writer. And some day, when I get older, I'm gonna publish them." Right now she's too involved with her songs, publishing them through her own company and performing them in her stage show and on records. Other singers have picked up on her material—Maria Muldaur, Linda Ronstadt, Tina Turner, Emmy Lou Harris and Merle Haggard—plus, of course, Dolly's former singing, touring and television show partner Porter Wagoner.

A major influence on Dolly as well as her kinfolk and most persons of country origins was religion, which was both a way of life and a release from everyday stress. "Oh, Lordy, yes!" affirms Dolly. "My granddaddy's a preacher, and we lived in church. I actually learned to sing there. We were Church of God (Fundamentalist). We sang hymns and spirituals out of the books, like "This Little Light of Mine," "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" and "I Shall Not Be Moved."

Much later, Dolly and an aunt would write songs about the grandfather, Rev. Jake Owens, who "preached hell so hot that you could feel the heat." A few years ago one of the songs depicting her granddaddy's fire-and-brimstone preaching heated up the country

music charts as one of the ten biggest sellers in the nation. "I would love to sing more church songs," Dolly confessed, "but I don't ever get the chance."

She did record a sacred album, *The Golden Streak of Glory*, and her aunt and grandfather contributed some of the songs. Dolly still writes poignantly of churchy

She collects dogs (pronounced "dawgs"), but they're all "outside" dogs. "We got yard dogs and hound dogs, and there's a little red dog that just wound up at our place. I got two little brother and sister Eskimo spitz. I call him Mark Spitz and she's Lickety Spitz. I don't have any house dogs, although I sometimes bring the

'em under a tub until you decide what to do with them. It's just fun," she giggles, "and then you let 'em out!"

Ah, but are they eatable? "Well, yeah," she replied somewhat dubiously, "we eat about everything in the country. I wouldn't do it now, but we used to eat groundhogs, coons, squirrels, rabbits and all that stuff. And I still like rabbits and squirrels. Every now and then we go home and Mama makes squirrel gravy and fried squirrel. You can catch squirrels real easy. They're everywhere. You just take your gun and go set under a tree and get 'em! It's no big thing. Just comes natural. In the country, nobody thinks anything about it.

"We used to go frog giggin'—you know, when you gig frogs? Like you take a tobacco stick and drive a nail through the bottom of the stick. You'd drive it down the side where it would make a point, and then you go over to the creek bank or the pond and 'gig frogs' (translated: see what you can catch). I never did this myself, but I used to go along. You stick 'em, and then pick 'em up. And they start hollerin', but you have frogs' legs for dinner.

"You throw away the rest of the frog. I never would eat frogs' legs because they jumped in the skillet, and that always bothered me. It was the flexing of the muscles or somethin', but when you're fryin' them, they jump around! And it looks kinda weird.

"I won't eat much stuff that I didn't eat when I was growin' up. I guess everybody's like that to a degree. We'd catch fish in the river and the lake; that's about the only things we'd eat that came out of the water, bass, trout and catfish. Catfish can get really big—pounds and pounds! I don't remember the biggest one we ever caught, but sometimes they get to be like 50 pounds (Florida catfish). Most of the ones from up home are between three and ten pounds on the average. But I never did even like to eat catfish! I guess 'cause they had whiskers. Just the way things looked always bugged me.

"I love to cook, and I'm a good cook. I cook things that Mama taught us to cook, things we used to eat back home. But I don't cook no exotic dishes. I do everything my

(Continued on page 73)



Dolly sings to her fans on one of her railway whistle-stop tours. She often sings hymns and spirituals such as "I Shall Not Be Moved."

leanings. "Sacred Memories," from her latest album, *Love Is Like A Butterfly*, illustrates her indelible regard for "the songs we used to sing" and even mentions her mother's "loud and clear" rendering of "Power and the Blood." Still waters run deep in Dolly's musical memorabilia.

"I love livin' on a farm," she said, touching on those roots again. "I never got used to *not* bein' on a farm. See, I never had been away from home until I moved to Nashville in 1964." She lived in a subdivision until her new house was built and she could get back to the country, where there are horses, cows, chickens and a garden. When asked if she possessed a green thumb, Dolly laughed and said that she has a black one when she works in the garden.

dogs in and let 'em tromp through the house and look around—especially when I've taken 'em to the vet and gotten 'em cleaned up. Then I'll let 'em come in before I put 'em back outside!"

To most city-bred folk, hound dogs conjure up images of possum hunting, which apparently comes as naturally to country girls as it still does to country boys. "I never would kill nothin'," said the glamorous Ms. Parton with a shrug of her lemon meringue bouffant. "I don't even like to swat flies. I'm too tenderhearted. We used to go possum hunting with Daddy. You don't kill them; you don't have to. They get up on persimmon trees and the dogs get up against the trees and you knock 'em down and they play dead. You pick 'em up by the tail and take 'em home and put

PAPER COWBOYS

By Ron Goulart

During the first big wave of adventure strips in the 20s, it was not at all surprising when the cowboy showed up on the pages of the Sunday funnies.



In his Minute Movies Ed Wheelan had been using cowboys. A sample of Ed Wheelan's Minute Movies continuities. Copyright, 1923, by George Mathew Adams Syndicate.

So sturdy a hero is the cowboy that he can thrive almost anywhere. He has galloped across movie screens since the century began, in Westerns filmed everywhere from New Jersey to Tokyo. He's jingled his spurs through tons of novels, shot it out with owlhoots on the rough pages of innumerable pulp magazines. There's never been a television season without at least one cowboy. And there were even radio cowboys, their fiery horses' hoofbeats produced by chest-thumping soundmen, spilling out of the speakers at all hours. Cowboys, not surprisingly, also turned up on the comic pages. A few landed during the first big wave of adventure strips in the 20s, and a larger batch arrived in the 30s deluge.

In his *Minute Movies* Ed Wheelan had been using cowboy continuities from the early 1920s,

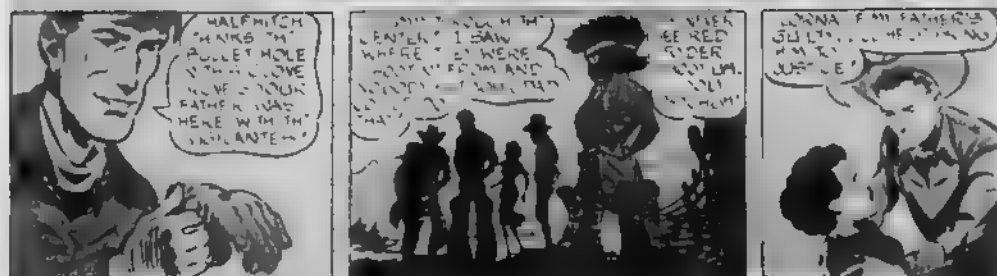
in such serials as *Desert Danger*, *Way Out West*, *The Great Open Spaces*, etc. By the late 1920s there were several fulltime Wild West strips. Among the early arrivals was a lad known, eventually, as Broncho Bill. He was no relation to Broncho Billy of the silents, and he'd done business under a couple of other names before settling on that one. Harry O'Neill's strip, one of the first offered by United Features, came into the world as *Young Buffalo Bill*. By the early 30s it was *Buckaroo Bill*, changing to *Broncho Bill* for its final decade or so. A graduate of the Landon mailorder cartoon school, O'Neill is one of the few professional acrobats ever to draw a comic strip. The stories in *Broncho Bill* came to center around the activities of a Bill-led group of youthful vigilantes calling themselves the Rangers, sort of gun-toting boy

scouts. O'Neill's idea of suspense was to have some innocent, a hapless infant or a golden-haired little girl, about to fall over a cliff or be eaten by a grizzly bear. He inked in a flowery Old World style which didn't quite hide the strange out of kilter drawing beneath it.

Just as there were aviation comic strips drawn by men who'd actually piloted planes, there were cowpoke strips by artists who'd actually been up on a horse. Fred Harman was one, having grown up on his dad's ranch in Colorado. After a brief spell in the National Guard during World War I, Harman went back to the cowpuncher's life. In the middle 20s he wandered to Kansas City and got into newspaper work as an artist. He and his brother Hugh got interested in the burgeoning art of animation, and for a time Fred Harman was in partnership with



First it was Young Buffalo Bill, then Buckaroo Bill and finally Broncho Bill. © United Features Syndicates, Inc. Red Ryder was drawn by Colorado cowboy Fred Harman. © 1943 by NEA Services, Inc.



Kansas City's other cartoonist, Walt Disney. But when Walt moved out to Hollywood, Harman didn't follow. He did go there a few years later, after having acquired a wife and son. Determined to become the Will James of the funny papers, Harman created, in the early 30s, a cowboy strip called *Bronc Peeler*. He used to "travel up and down the West Coast in a car, drawing and selling his strip at the same time." Fred Harman Features, as he called himself, also peddled *Bosko*, which was based on the animated cartoon character concocted by Hugh Harman and Rudolf Ising. Bronc, who hung around with a moustached galoot named Coyote Pete, was a gangling red-headed youth. As the strip progressed Harman, a redhead himself, added a few years to Bronc's age and some inches to his shoulders, making him less of a mooncalf. In the Sunday page, still under the spell of Will James, Harman gave his readers not only 12 panels of Western adventure but a scenic view of the West as well. The panel, titled *On The Range*, ran underneath the Peeler half-page and was always accompanied by a few paragraphs of Harman's best aw-shucks prose.

History books tell us about wild Injuns an' how they killed white people. When they weren't killin' cowboys an' soldiers, they were fightin' other Injun tribes. But shucks, ya can't blame them fer all the massacres. They were pikers compared to us folks.

Did ya ever come face to face with yerself at a waterin' hole? No foolin' it'll give ya thoughts ya never stopped to think about—A feelin' of humbleness...

Bronc Peeler was a hard-riding fast-shooting hombre, good with his fists and attractive to the ladies. He dropped Gs as often as he could, called his horse a hoss and referred to Coyote Pete as m'pal. Harman drew in a gruff forceful style, having no fear of depicting horses, cattle and other cowboy objects which often defeated dude cartoonists. His stories, though, came not out of the West but out of the pages of the pulps and off the movie screens. Bronc dealt with rustlers, Mexican bandits, crooked

There were cowboy strips drawn by artists who'd actually been up on a horse. Fred Harman who created *Red Ryder* was a sure 'nough cowboy.

lawyers and tinhorn gamblers. At the suggestion of his wife, Harman gave Bronc a boy sidekick in hopes of winning a larger juvenile audience. The kid was an Indian named Little Beaver (after his late father Chief Beaver). For a man who professed to love Injuns, Harman made Little Beaver the worst kind of Uncle Tomming Hollywood Indian. Harman admitted that his clothes were not authentic. And his conversation was a triumph of Poverty Row patois—"Me sneakum away to trailum... Don't tellum nobody!" About this time Fred Harman's work came to the notice of New York entrepreneur Stephen Slesinger. Slesinger was an agent, merchandiser and promoter. He controlled, for instance, all United States merchandising rights to Winnie the Pooh. He was also into comic book publishing and the production of comic strips. Inviting Harman East, Slesinger had him convert Bronc into *Red Ryder*. Little Beaver remained Little Beaver ("You betchum!") and became Red's constant companion.

Stephen Slesinger, Inc. sold the renamed cowboy to NEA in 1938 and subsequently promoted *Red Ryder* movie serials (starring Don "Red" Barry), B-movies, comic books, novels and a radio show ("From out of the West comes America's famous fighting cowboy—Red Ryder!"). Red also supplanted earlier cowboys as spokesman for the Daisy Manufacturing Company and throughout the 1940s he hawked BB guns on the back covers of comic books. Little Beaver helped out, too—"You

gettum carbine like Red Ryder's heap soon!" Harman appeared in the ads along with his characters. "Fred Harman, famous cowboy artist who draws the popular NEA newspaper cartoon RED RYDER COMIC STRIP, was a sure 'nough Colorado cowboy before hittin' the trail to New York City. Fred helped Daisy design this genuine Western-style saddle carbine an' hopes you get your RED RYDER CARBINE right away!" By now Harman had settled on his Red Ryder Rancho near Pagosa Springs, Colorado. Daisy ran several contests which offered as first prize 2 FREE TRIPS to the ranch where you could "SEE Fred Harman DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip." Slesinger, never missing a bet, was active in the Boys Clubs of America and he saw to it that the winner of the Boy of the Year contest run by the organization always won a trip to the rancho.

Publicity releases and interviews always stressed the fact that Harman was a compulsive artist who loved nothing better than drawing.

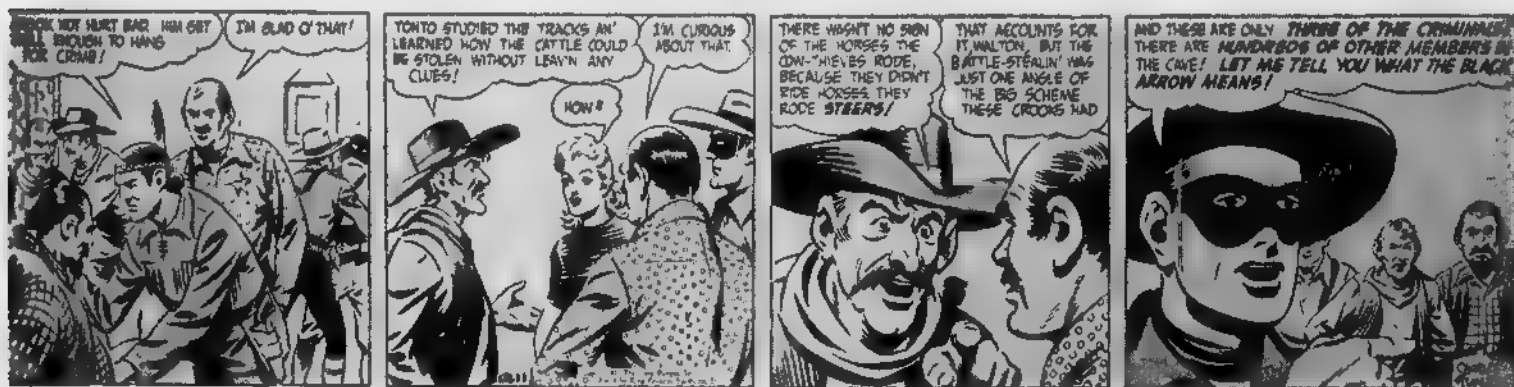
He has no assistants, which among strip cartoonists is unusual. He is a perfectionist temperamentally incapable of working with a helper. An assistant might not know the difference between a California, single or center-file rig and that, of course, would be calamitous.

Actually *Red Ryder* was written and drawn by divers hands. Some of the ghost artists, like Jim Gary, worked out of the Slesinger office

in the East. Others, like John Wade Hampton and Edmond Good, actually spent time at the famous rancho.

After he had been with NEA for many years, Harman switched to the McNaught Syndicate. When Stephen Slesinger died in the early 1950s most of the subsidiary uses of the *Red Ryder* property had ended. The strip itself hung on a few more years. During its last days Harman deserted his cowboy, possibly to devote full time to his paintings, and the strip was credited to Bob MacLeod.

An even more marketable cowboy was the Lone Ranger. He was the joint creation of a Detroit radio station owner and a Buffalo pulp writer. George W. Trendle, who owned station WXYZ, wanted to compete with the networks. He decided to do it with a show about a cowboy with Robin Hood and Zorro tendencies. He hired Fran Striker to write the scripts. The half hour show, heard three times a week, went on the air in January of 1933. Success was immediate, and the masked man was soon heard all across the country, sponsored by 17 different bread companies. Before he'd even moved onto the network, Trendle offered a free pop gun to the first 300 kids who wrote in. That offer pulled 25,904 responses. By 1940 a Lone Ranger premium offer would draw letters from a million listeners. Realizing this was a property to reckon with, Trendle formed the Lone Ranger, Inc. and merchandised like crazy. There were Lone Ranger guns, Lone Ranger costumes, Lone Ranger books, Lone Ranger movie serials



The Lone Ranger strip reached the early 70s before breathing its last. © King Features Syndicate, Inc.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



Technically a Northern and not a Western, King of the Royal Mounted came from Zane Grey's book of the same name. © King Features Syndicate, Inc. Skull Valley (c) 1935 by Chicago Tribune-Daily News Syndicate.



and, from the fall of 1938 onward, a Lone Ranger comic strip.

The earliest *Lone Ranger* releases, both daily and Sunday, were credited to Frank Striker and artist Ed Kressy. Kressy worked in a somewhat cartoony style, and often had trouble getting the masked man's eyes to look right behind the mask. Sometimes the pupils would be little black dots, sometimes tiny circles with a dot in the middle. No matter what Kressy tried, the Lone Ranger's eyes always looked funny. There must have been other dissatisfactions with Kressy's weak-looking Lone Ranger and bland Tonto very soon after the strip commenced. Although his name was left on for the rest of the year, it was apparent that other men were obviously doing the drawing. The best of these temporaries was Jon Blummer, who had a more forceful style. He began working in comic books a year later, when he created *Hop Harrigan*. For some reason Blummer wasn't kept on. When he left in early 1939, King Features, distributors of the strip, turned to the bullpen and old reliable Charles Flanders. Flanders was still doing his Alex Raymond act as best he could. The Lone Ranger became immediately more virile-looking, better matching the impression given by the radio voice. Although Flanders' mask covered most of the Ranger's nose, he didn't have any trouble with the eyes.

MONOPOLY: BIG BOSS OF THE BOARD GAMES

By Bob Abel

The game was invented by an out-of-work Philadelphian in 1930. His idea was to let players amass money and real estate through speculation.

"I have invented a game better than *Monopoly*!" This is the would-be mating call of the game inventors around the country who, consumed by their inability to stop inventing games, persist in creating them and sending them to game publishers, who, in turn, keep rejecting them.

For one thing, it's pretty hard to invent a game that's better than *Monopoly*—at least in sales terms. Since the game was invented in 1930 by an out-of-work Philadelphian named Clarence Darrow (no relation to the lawyer of the same name) it has sold 80,000,000 sets and doubtlessly ranks as the all-time best-selling copyrighted game. (Games like checkers and chess hail back to an era before products were trademarked and games—like books—protected by copyrights.) *Scrabble*, invented in 1931, is probably the only real sales rival to *Monopoly*, although last fall Milton Bradley, one of the two game publisher giants, claimed that its *Yahtzee* game was now

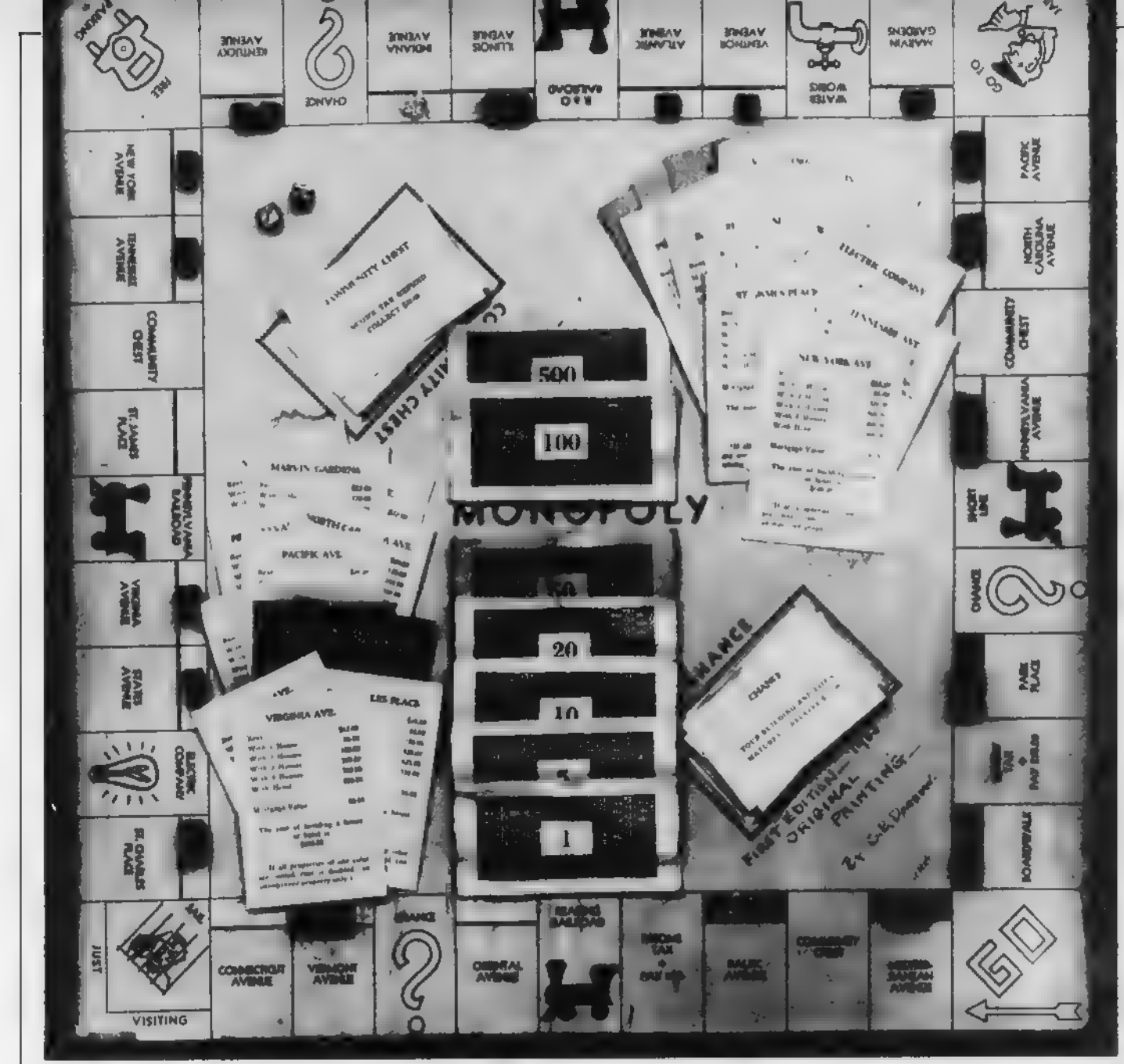
outselling *Monopoly*. And, if flattery is indeed a form of compliment, a game called *Anti-Monopoly* was attracting a lot of attention—and sales—from game aficionados, not to speak of legal action from Parker Brothers, the publishers of *Monopoly*.

Anti-Monopoly looks like the Parker Brothers game, but its message is surely different, and decidedly anti-capitalist. Monopolies are antisocial and illegal, the game declares, and the object is to go out there and bust the trusts. Parker Brothers, for its part, declares that the name of the game in this instance is *Monopoly* and that its trademark rights have been infringed upon by the same-name game. Either way you look at it, the *Monopoly*—*Anti-Monopoly* struggle has become a capitalist issue, and one for the courts to decide.

Interestingly enough, *Monopoly* debuted at a time when capitalism had fallen on its nose—the Great Depression—and it's my own theory that part of the game's

immediate appeal was the vicarious experience of acquiring property and great wealth at a time when the country was falling apart. And of course there's no denying that *Monopoly* appeals to people's often submerged competitive instincts—to the most ruthless belong the spoils of Park Place and Boardwalk—precisely because it plays so ruthlessly. Nice guys, remember, don't win at *Monopoly*.

Clarence Darrow, on the other hand, was a nice guy (he died in the 1960s.) He had lots of time on his hands, being an unemployed heating engineer, and he liked to try his hand at inventing games to help pass the time and make life more bearable for his family and friends—all of whom were feeling the effects of the greatest economic crisis to hit America. In 1930, he created a place in game history for himself by putting aside his experiments with a beach bat and turning his attention to an investment game. His idea was to let players amass money and real



One of the original 30s Monopoly games. Drawings were added to the cards, but little else changed.

estate through speculation and, somewhat illogically, he called it *Monopoly*.

His first game board was quite crude, painted on a disc of linoleum—the first *Monopoly* board was round, because that was the shape of the family dining room table—but whenever the Darrows played the game with

friends, someone invariably wanted a copy of *Monopoly*. Darrow had based his game on a 1924 game called *Landlord*, which had been invented by a woman named Virginia M. Phillips, a Virginian who was an avid proponent for a single tax—that is, abolishing all taxes with the exception of property taxes. Considering the

object of *Monopoly*—get all the property you can—*Landlord* was a kind of ironic model for Darrow to have based his game upon. But the first real message of *Monopoly* proved to be—Buy It!

Word spread—first around the immediate neighborhood, and then throughout the City of Brotherly Love and beyond—



about the joys of *Monopoly*, what a neat game it was, and soon Darrow was producing two sets a day, his absolute production limit at the time, and selling them for the rather nifty (for Depression times) price of four dollars a game. No brotherly love, there, but then, that's not what the game inspires in its players.

Since Darrow realized that the demand for his game was far beyond his ability to keep producing it by himself, he decided to try and interest Parker Brothers, a Salem, Massachusetts, firm that was one of America's oldest game publishers (games are published, like books, in copies and editions) in his creation, but the company rejected it as too complicated. "Your game," a Parker executive informed him, "has fifty-two fundamental errors." Which 52 fundamental errors did *Monopoly*

for complete printing, packaging and delivery services for *Monopoly*.

It was now 1935, and *Monopoly*, despite—or perhaps because—of the Depression, was selling 20,000 copies a year. Darrow recognized that he was both in over his head and onto something very, very good, and he approached Parker Brothers (lucky Salem entrepreneurs!) once more, and this time the word was *Go*.

Parker Brothers president Robert B.M. Barton, who couldn't ignore a game success story of the magnitude of *Monopoly*, played it three nights running. It still broke, he later said, "every rule we'd accepted as gospel." But once he started playing the game, he was a convert—so, the hell with the rules, he decided—and Darrow and Parker Brothers finally joined forces.

account, Robert Barton himself purchased a copy of the game from F.A.O. Schwarz, took it home to play, stayed up until the wee hours passing *Go* as frequently as possible, and then contacted Darrow to come and talk real money. Parker Brothers wanted the game to play faster, but there was no more talk about 52 fundamental errors.

In either case, it was a very good deal for both parties. The acquisition of the game, Barton later admitted, "was the biggest thing ever to hit Parker Brothers . . . it was like trying to cap six oil gushers at once. We got so many telegraphed orders we had to file them in laundry baskets."

At one point in late 1936 there was some fear among Parker Brothers executives that the game was yet another fad, but after the Christmas sales rush on the game, it became manifestly clear that *Monopoly* was on its way to becoming as American a tradition as Mom and apple pie.

Edward Parker, another executive of the company, once gave a writer his own view of why *Monopoly* proved so successful: "During the Depression people did not have enough money to go out to shows," Parker said, "so they stayed home and played *Monopoly*. It also gave them a feeling of wealth. But what kept it going is the chance for individual gain. It appeals to the competitive nature of people. The player can always say to himself; 'I'm going to get the better of the other guy. People can also play *Monopoly* without it being the end of the world. Sort of a release from the tensions of everyday life."

God knows it released Clarence Darrow and family from the tensions of everyday life. *Monopoly* catapulted its inventor to millionaire status, but it didn't blunt his enthusiasm for inventing new games. However, and maybe just a little unhappily, they all proved duds. So he had to content himself with collecting royalty checks (games, like books, reward their successful creators with royalty checks) and raising orchids on his farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. But he remained philosophical about the nature of life in the game world. "I hit the jackpot

(Continued on page 72)



perpetrate? Well, Parker felt that the game was too cumbersome, took too long to play, and violated another 50 rules for successful board games.

Oh well, not back to the drawing board but back to the Darrow home workshop. When a friend offered to do all the printing on the games in 1933, Darrow's daily production output zoomed to six games a day. But by now there were inquiries from toy departments of department stores as well as the ever-mounting individual orders, and Darrow found himself gainfully employed by his creation. No longer an entrepreneur-in-residence, he was forced to contract

But that's only *one* version of the Darrow legend.

In *The Monopoly Book*, published last fall, author Maxine Brady reports that Parker Brothers' consciousness was raised once again—or lowered once more—to the game's existence by the response of East Coast department stores ordering the game for the 1935 Christmas season. Barton's wife Sally received a phone call from a friend who'd bought *Monopoly* at Manhattan's famous F.A.O. Schwartz, and was now raving about it. Tell Parker Brothers about *Monopoly*, the friend suggested, and Sally Barton did just that. According to this

GUM CARDS OF THE 30S

By Woody Gelman

Trades and deals that would challenge an Onassis were transacted daily in schoolyards and street corners. To a boy, his cards were his Las Vegas.

Gum cards are among the most poignant reminders of youth.

They portray in vivid colors and unsophisticated drama the world of action that has so much meaning to the young in heart.

To the youngster of the 30s it was an exciting time for gum cards. The rumbles and threats of war were still almost too much to imagine, but they were real and *very* exciting. Dillinger and his ilk were racing across the headlines in a never ending battle with the G-Men and the great Babe Ruth was still the hero of heroes, giving baseball unsurpassed glamour (and still available on a gum card for only a penny.) The gum card ranked with the movies, radio and comics as a major medium of communication with the kids' world of violence and action.

And not only were they a source of endless pictorial delights and vicarious thrills, but they were also a medium of exchange and barter. Trades and deals that would challenge an Onassis were transacted daily in schoolyards and street corners. ("I'll give ya



fifteen Yankees for your Babe Ruth card. Whatta ya say?" "Hey, did you see that war card with the bloody arm stump hangin' onto the steering wheels. Boy, that's a good card!") To a boy, his cards were his Las Vegas.

Flipping and tossing became adroit skills that are still remembered with pride by the nostalgia-struck grownups. No millionaire prized his fortune more than the boy who stacked his treasures in the old worn shoe box—no business reverse or market loss matched the feeling of losing your stack.

So feast your eyes on these reminders of your youth. They are the collector's items of today

And you'll never guess where we found these vivid examples—in the staid New York Metropolitan Museum of Art!



Here are two examples of gum cards from the 30s—and like some postage stamps, some gum cards are worth money.



25. TRAPPED IN THE AIR

Eddie and Tommy Gray weren't bad boys. It was just their love of adventure that led them into so much mischief. That's how they happened to find themselves trapped in the aerial trapeze artist's balloon at the County Fair. They had cast off the mooring ropes while nobody was looking. Clark Kent was wandering around the Fair grounds when he heard the boys' voices screaming for help. Looking up he saw the gas filled bag rising swiftly skyward. Women screamed and men stood helplessly by. Unnoticed by the crowd which was watching the balloon become smaller as it rose higher and higher, Clark Kent changed to SUPERMAN. Like a red and blue comet, SUPERMAN zoomed in pursuit of the gas bag. In a moment he had reached it. Grasping the balloon basket in a grip of steel, he started downward, bringing the bag and its human cargo safely to earth. Before he left them, both boys promised SUPERMAN never again to tamper with things they couldn't control.



SUPERMAN GUM

Join the Supermen of America Club
Valuable Prizes! See Wrapper
Made by GUM, INC., Phila., Pa., U.S.A.
Makers of BLONY, SUN Gum, and other favorites
Picture and Text Copyright 1940, Superman, Inc.



— No. 55 — WEAVING

No white man knew the date at which the Pueblo Indian learned the art of WEAVING. We do know that the early Spanish explorers of southwestern United States found them wearing rudely woven garments. In later years wool from their own sheep, commercial yarns, and ravelings of gay cloths purchased by them were made into soft, durable rugs and blankets in patterns characteristic of themselves and the country in which they lived.



-- No. 75 MANY SHOTS

A famous Blackfoot Indian. He is a brother of the famous Chief of the Blackfeet, "Crowfoot", who was responsible for the signing of the treaty in 1877.

Many Shots is, it is said, to be the only Indian to go through the terrible tortures of the Sun Dance seven times.



— No. 32 —

JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

One of the nation's finest pilots, James H. Doolittle has made many worthwhile contributions to modern flying. He was the first person to take off, fly and land a plane with a covered cockpit. He was the first to fly a plane in an outside loop. In 1929 at Cleveland his plane lost its wings in a power dive while only 3,000 feet above the ground; he leaped and by the use of his parachute he landed safely.

One of a series of 144 cards
SKY BIRDS
NATIONAL CHICLE COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Makers of Quality Chewing Gum
Copr. 1934

Gum cards are among the most poignant reminders of youth. They portray in vivid colors and unsophisticated drama the world of excitement and action.



No. 26 Shells Splinter Deck of Tender with U. S. Refugees

On August 16 1937, American women and children had to pass through shell-fire while en route to the liner President Taft which was to take them from war torn Shanghai. Their tender was waiting for a naval guard in the Whangpoo River. Suddenly Chinese bombers swept down from the clouds, their target the nearby Japanese warships. The terrified passengers boarding the tender rushed downstairs to get below decks. Then came detonating explosions of bombs and the crash of anti-aircraft guns in reply! Several splinters of shrapnel came through the deck into the crowded cabin, leaving jagged holes in the planking. Sailors from the U. S. S. Augusta, anchored close at hand, came to the assistance of the crying women and children and told them to stay below. Several women had tiny babies. Some had left so hurriedly they carried no baggage. It was an experience filled with anxiety and dread which persisted throughout the journey.

To know the HORRORS OF WAR is to want PEACE

This is one of a series of 240 Picture Cards. Save to get them all. Picture and Text Copyright 1938, GUM, INC., Phila., Pa.

MICKEY MOUSE—CARD NO. 65



HERE'S the ANSWER to QUESTION on CARD No. 64

Can you answer this question?

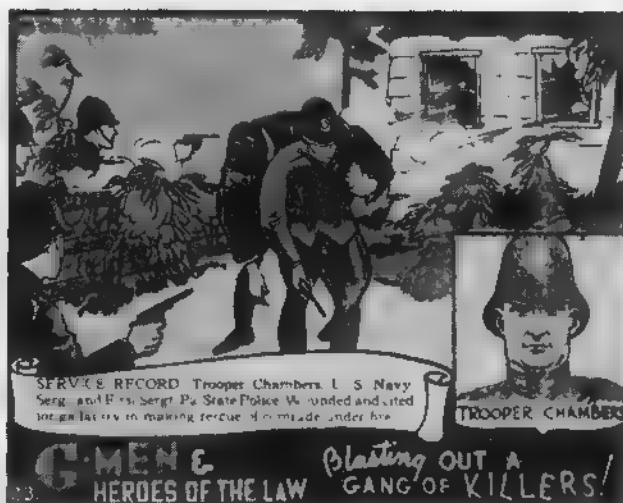
Mickey had been fishing and had caught a whole basket full of fish. He was about to go home when a "constable" came along and pointed to a great big sign which read, "No Fishin' Here!" Mickey looked at him in astonishment and then said something in reply.

What did Mickey say?

For the answer to this question see Card No. 66

GET A MICKEY MOUSE ALBUM

from the store where you buy your Mickey Mouse Bubble Gum, for 5 wrappers and 5 cents. All questions printed and a place for the picture card answers.



From Official Crime Records of the Famous Penna. State Police.
Crime Classification: Dynamiting murder gang.

No. 23 Troopers of the Pennsylvania State Police have fought many battles with desperate bands of criminals—and have always won.

One day word came that a heavily armed gang of murderers had taken refuge in a barricaded hide-out. A detail of troopers was rushed to the place and demanded surrender, which was refused.

An attempt was made to crash in the door, but a deadly fire from shotguns, rifles and revolvers drove the troopers back, dropping Sergeant Logan with five bullets in his body.

Re-enforcements were sent for. Again the place was rushed but without success, as Trooper Henry dropped before a withering hail of

lead. A third attack snuffed out the life of Trooper Zehring. Then it was discovered that the body of Trooper Henry lay in the open before the hide-out.

Unmindful of danger, Trooper Chambers darted toward the prostrate form. A bullet struck him... he staggered... kept on! He reached his fallen comrade, swung him across his shoulders and crawled to safety.

Through the night and into the morning the fight raged on. Then as a last resort, sticks of dynamite were tossed against the hide-out's walls, and it and its murderous occupants were blown to pieces.

Treacherous criminals meet the fate they deserve when defying Heroes of the Law!

Watch for rest of this series of 240 cards of thrilling action pictures and true "Official" stories of G-Men and Heroes of the Law.

These gum cards from the 30s are collector's items today. And even back then, no millionaire prized his fortune more than the boy who stacked his treasures in the old worn shoe box—no business loss matched the feeling of losing your stack.

GARY COOPER: TALL IN THE SADDLE

By Walter H. Hogan

"Of all the men who have acted in motion pictures, none has come as close to portraying the embodiment of the American male as Gary Cooper."

Back home at the Seven-Bar-Nine in Montana he'd spent hours and hours on horseback after the doctor had suggested intensive riding as treatment for his hip injured in a car accident. So he really knew how to ride. What he didn't know how to do was fall.

And that's exactly what he had to do now if he were to be a stunt man in Hollywood. Wearing a beard and costumed as a cavalry rider in the Boer War, he waited with the others for the cue. It came. And the charge was on.

"In the middle of the dash across this field," he recalled, "I threw my rifle into the air just like the director told me to do and slid off my horse. I hit the ground with a

shuddering jolt. I went head over heels—then lay quiet, playing dead as a mackerel."

The director rushed up and said, "Great! I want you to do it again."

It meant more money: five dollars a fall. And at the end of the day he was paid fifteen dollars extra, twenty dollars in all. And that was the start of the screen career of Frank James Cooper (renamed Gary by his first agent after her home town in Indiana) a career that spanned thirty-five years from the silent days of 1925 to the talkies to Technicolor to Cinemascope and stereophonic sound. It was a career that racked up perhaps fifty films as an extra, in *Wild Horse Mesa* with Jack Holt and Billie Dove, in

The Eagle, with Rudolph Valentino, in *The Vanishing American* with Richard Dix, and in *The Lucky Horseshoe* with Tom Mix. It was Tom Mix's \$17,500-a-week salary that convinced Cooper "there was a good deal more money in the movie business than the few bucks I was drawing." Then his salary went to fifty dollars a week when he was hired as cowboy extra for Samuel Goldwyn's 1926 production of *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, to \$150 a week when he started making Zane Grey westerns at Paramount, and by 1933 he was making \$6,000 a week. And in 1939 Gary Cooper became the first movie actor to lead the list of wage earners in the United States when the U.S. Treasury reported that his \$482,819 that year was the top income. Cooper was one of the top ten moneymakers in films for sixteen years, and at the time of his death it was estimated his films had grossed over \$200 million.

Cooper first came to the notice of moviegoers when Director Henry King, who'd had him doubling in the role of Abe Lee in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, finally assigned it to him. In her review, Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons wrote that stars Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman "share

COMMENTS ON COOPER

"That fellow is the world's greatest actor. He can do, with no effort, what the rest of us spent years trying to learn: to be natural. In his heart he is pure. He believes in it."

—John Barrymore

"I knew in a flash he'd got something I should never have... that boy hasn't the least idea how well he acts. We try, but he is."

—Charles Laughton

"Now, Cooper doesn't have the reputation as a great actor except with us who knew him as an actor. But he was great. People used to comment on what they called his idiosyncrasies, his little foibles. But Cooper never made a move that wasn't thoroughly thought out and planned. He is probably the finest motion picture actor I ever worked with."

—Robert Preston

For his understated performance as Sheriff Will Kane, Cooper won his second Oscar in High Noon (1952).





Cooper as Abe Lee, with Vilma Banky in *The Winning of Barbara Worth* (1926).

honors with Gary Cooper, whose portrayal of Abe Lee, the other man in love with Barbara, is something one remembers even after the last reel fades from the screen."

With that review Cooper could feel he was no longer an extra, he was an actor at last. And in the camera, which Thelma Todd called "the enemy" when they co-starred in *Nevada*, he had found a friend. It seemed to know and show his thoughts. Sam Wood, who directed Cooper as Lou Gehrig in *Pride of the Yankees*, said, "He does nothing on the set. You are sure it is the worst performance ever, but then you see the rushes and it is all there".

And for a man who never took a formal acting lesson, never passed a regular screen test Cooper left his fans a legacy of memorable performances as *The Virginian*, *Longfellow Deeds*, *John Doe*, *Robert Jordan*, *Will Kane* and as such real-life heroes as *Sergeant York*, *Billy Mitchell*, *Lou Gehrig*, *Dr. Wassell*, and *Wild Bill Hickock*.

"Of all the men who have acted in motion pictures," writes Homer Dickens in *The Films of Gary Cooper*, "none has come close to portraying the embodiment of the American male as Gary Cooper."

He was also, said Bob Hope, "an ambassador of our business who brought us a lot of friends all over the world." George Carpozi, Jr. in *The Gary Cooper Story* tells of the time "Cooper was on a trip to Venice and his boat docked in Algiers: 'A group of little Arab children suddenly gathered around the towering actor, chattering in French. He caught the word 'cinema.' Then they went charging off. In a few minutes they were back—with 50 more kids. They grinned at Coop, and some of them, contorting their fingers into pistols, pointed them at Gary, and yelled 'Boom! Boom!'" And *Life* magazine reported that in Vienna in 1957 a mob of 5,000 gathered outside Cooper's hotel room to chant: "Gary, Gary, schoner Mann—komm doch an das Fenster 'ran." (Gary, Gary, handsome man—come to the window!)"

The picture that *Variety* said gave Cooper "a respectable intro-

duction to his future public" was Paramount's *Arizona Bound* in 1927. Cooper had his first starring role as the cowboy in *Stetson* and leather chaps.

Realizing his potential star-power, Paramount put Cooper in a small but important role in one of their biggest pictures that year, *Wings*, which won the very first Academy Award as the best picture of the year for the 1927-28 season.

It was a brief scene, and as *Wings* director William A. Wellman wrote in *A Short Time for Insanity*, "To be remembered Coop not only must salute and smile but he must have something unusual about him, that indescribable thing called motion picture personality, to make it that effective that quickly... Cooper had it.

"The next day we shot it, just once. It was perfect. I yelled, cut, print it, and Coop's face dropped. I thought it was because he knew this was his finish in *Wings*."

It wasn't. Cooper later came to Wellman and wanted to do the scene over. Why? "Because I, I, just, just think I could do it better."

"I didn't want to hurt Coop's feelings," wrote Wellman, "but I told him quite frankly I was the director and supposed to know my business, and I thought he had done it beautifully and asked him just what there was about it he didn't like.

"And then he told me— 'Well, you know right in the middle of the scene I, I picked my nose, and, and—'

"Just a minute, Coop. You keep right on picking your nose and you will pick yourself into a fortune—and just one more thing, always back away from the problems, from the heavy and, above all, from the girl. Make them pursue you. Never be the aggressor."

"He stood there for a hushed minute, and then gave me that goddamned funny little smile and said, 'Thanks, Mr. Wellman, for everything.'"

The next year, 1928, Wellman directed Cooper and Fay Wray in *The Legion of the Condemned*. Cooper played a World War I flier again, as he did when he co-starred with Colleen Moore in *Lilac Time*.

Cooper's career was furthered with his romance with the "It" girl, Clara Bow (a romance first con-



wrote that she would "yield to no one in finding Cooper the most attractive man that's ever been in Hollywood." And Oscar-winning screenwriter Frances Marion in *Off With Their Heads* told of joining Tallulah Bankhead's party at the Stork Club, "arriving just as the subject of whether Gary Cooper could or could not act was exploding like a string of Chinese firecrackers. 'You call that acting?' All he can say is— 'Yup.'"

"His casual charm appeals to me. It's more effective than watching you hams emote."

"Dry up, Tallu, you're not thinking about his acting!"

"You're damn right! I'm only one of the million gals who'd like to hear their most personal question answered Yup!"

Jordan noted that "Director Victor Fleming...tinged Cooper's proverbial innocence with some bravado, and *Wolf Song* first hints at Cooper's sex symbol potential".

Cooper with Franchot Tone in The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (1935).

Below, Cooper plays Wild Bill Hickcock in The Plainsman (1936).

ceived of as a publicity stunt by Bow and Hedda Hopper). Tagged the "It" boy by magazines, Cooper said of Bow, "I'd never known an actress before. We fell in love. We went out." Then later there was his tempestuous two-year romance with Lupe Velez ("Lupe takes the same joy out of primitive things as I do"), with whom he co-starred in *Wolf Song*. There was talk of a nude swimming scene (yes, back then in '29), but it was not clearly discernible in the picture when finally shown in long shot. That same year he made his last silent picture, *Betrayal*.

Then came: Cooper's first all-talking picture and a milestone in his career—*The Virginian*, the third remake of the famous Owen Wister novel with Cooper's famous line to Trampus (Walter Huston): "If you want to call me that, smile!" Randolph Scott, a native of Virginia, coached Gary for the proper accent a Virginian would have. It was a great success. And Cooper's reign in talkies was assured. His fan mail grew.

And the next year his mail increased even more. Cooper lent his name as one of the many contract



players in *Paramount on Parade*. And as Rene Jordan reports in the book entitled *Gary Cooper*, "his musical sequence was photographed in color and showed his light blue eyes to devastating effect among the ladies. The studio's mail department chalked up a 40 per cent increase in the fan mail he was getting from love-struck females."

Columnist Adela Rogers St. John

He also called 1930's *Morocco* a powerful shot in the arm for his star image. His co-star was that fascinating import from Germany, Marlene Dietrich. "Cooper was to be endowed with new magic," wrote Jordan, "by the unlikely of sorcerers when Josef von Sternberg refurbished him as a fascinating sex symbol in *Morocco*...." The director, said Jordan, "treated his



Cooper with Walter Brennan (who won his third Oscar) in *The Westerner* (1940).

actors as objects and Cooper was being classified as a phallic symbol. All through the film he is as inscrutable and mesmerizing as the idol Greta Garbo dances around in *Mata Hari*. Cooper does not perform in *Morocco*—he is performed against.” Even so, *Picture Play* said, “The success of Miss Dietrich is vastly aided by Gary Cooper, as the American, perhaps his best performance so far.”

Cooper refused to work with von Sternberg again, but he'd liked Dietrich from the first and the two co-starred in 1936's *Desire*.

In 1931 he co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in *City Streets*. In '32 there were *The Devil and the Deep* with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton, then *A Farewell to Arms* with Helen Hayes in his first film based on a novel by Ernest Hemingway, who later requested he play Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* ('43). In '33 he co-starred with Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March in Noel Coward's *Design for Living*

directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who said Cooper was the most photogenic of performers and “like wax you could mold in front of the camera.” If Cooper seemed as at home in white tie and tails as in Stetson and chaps, there was a reason. “Cooper was the product of two cultures,” writes Jordan, “melding within him the tangle of dual personality. The rough, laconic rustic could also be a mild-mannered, almost finicky gentleman . . . He was a living paradox: the Montana cowboy with English breeding.”

Cooper was born on May 7, 1901, the second son of English parents who had met in Helena, Montana. His father, Charles Cooper from Birmingham, was a lawyer who became a judge in Montana, then later had a seat on the Montana State Supreme Court. His mother, Alice Brazier Cooper, was from Kent, and she returned with her sons to England for part of their education there.

When he was 32, Cooper married. His famous romance with Countess Dorothy Di Frasso was now over, and he chose for his wife 20-year-old Veronica (“Rocky”) Balfe, a beautiful Southampton

socialite who'd gone to Hollywood to break into pictures as Sandra Shaw, with the help of her uncle, Cedric Gibbons, MGM's famous set designer. They were married Dec. 15, 1933, and their daughter Maria was born Sept. 15, 1937.

Cooper's film career has its peak period from 1935-45. Henry Hathaway, who'd directed him in *Now and Forever* in '34 (co-stars: Carole Lombard and moppet Shirley Temple) now starred Cooper in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, one of the all-time great screen adventures.

In 1936 there was *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. In his *The Name Above the Title*, Director Frank Capra said, “And who in Hollywood could play honest, humble ‘corn tassel poet’ Mr. Deeds? Only one actor: Gary Cooper. Every line in his face spelled honesty.”

“Tall, gaunt as Lincoln, cast in the frontier mold of Daniel Boone, Sam Houston, Kit Carson, this silent Montanan cowpuncher embodied the true-blue virtues that won the West: durability, honest, and native intelligence.” *Mr. Deeds* was selected by the New York Film Critics as the best film of '36, won the Oscar for best film director, and garnered Cooper his first nomination for an Oscar (won by Paul Muni's *Pastor*).

His *Deeds* co-star, Jean Arthur, also was with him as Calamity Jane when he was Wild Bill Hickock in *The Plainsman*, his first film with Cecil B. DeMille. *North West Mounted Police* (1940) was the first Technicolor feature for both Cooper and DeMille.

For the title role in *Meet John Doe* (1940) Capra “had but one choice: Gary Cooper. I wouldn't have made the picture without him.”

Cooper, who'd turned down the role of Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*, (he didn't feel right for it), almost turned down the role that won him his first Oscar; he didn't think he could do justice to *Sergeant York*. When he went to Tennessee to visit the World War I hero, Alvin York finally persuaded him to take the role. Later York said: “I wouldn't have anybody else do it. He was the only man who could have done it right.”

And he did. The picture had its world premiere at the Astor Theatre in New York on July 2,

1941. Cooper was chosen best actor of the year by the New York Film Critics and then received the Academy Award. When he accepted it, Cooper said, "It wasn't Gary Cooper who won this award. It was Sergeant York, because to the best of my ability I tried to be Sergeant York."

Cooper was nominated for an Oscar for his work in *Pride of the*



MAJOR FILMS OF GARY COOPER

- 1926: The Winning of Barbara Worth
- 1927: It, Children of Divorce, Arizona Bound, Wings, Nevada, The Last Outlaw
- 1928: Beau Sabreur, The Legion of the Condemned, Doomsday, Half a Bride, Lilac Time, The First Kiss, The Shopworn Angel
- 1929: Wolf Song, Betrayal, The Virginian
- 1930: Only the Brave, Paramount on Parade, The Texan, Seven Days Leave, A Man from Wyoming, The Spoilers, Morocco
- 1931: Fighting Caravans, City Streets, I Take This Woman
- 1932: Make Me a Star, Devil and the Deep, A Farewell to Arms
- 1933: Today We Live; One Sunday Afternoon, Design for Living, Alice in Wonderland
- 1934: Now and Forever
- 1935: The Wedding Night, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Peter Ibbetson
- 1936: Desire, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Hollywood Boulevard, The General Died at Dawn, The Plainsman
- 1937: Souls at Sea
- 1938: The Adventures of Marco Polo, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, The Cowboy and The Lady
- 1939: Beau Geste, The Real Glory
- 1940: The Westerner, North West Mounted Police, Meet John Doe
- 1941: Sergeant York, Ball of Fire
- 1942: Pride of the Yankees
- 1943: For Whom the Bell Tolls
- 1944: The Story of Dr. Wassell, Casanova Brown
- 1945: Cloak and Dagger
- 1947: Unconquered, Variety Girl
- 1948: Good Sam, The Fountainhead
- 1949: It's a Great Feeling, Task Force
- 1950: Bright Leaf, Dallas
- 1951: You're in the Navy Now, Starlift, It's a Big Country, Distant Drums
- 1952: High Noon, Springfield Rifle
- 1953: Return to Paradise, Blowing Wild
- 1954: Garden of Evil, Vera Cruz
- 1955: The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell
- 1956: Friendly Persuasion
- 1957: Love in the Afternoon
- 1958: Ten North Frederick, Man of the West
- 1959: The Hanging Tree, Alias Jesse James, They Came to Cordura, The Wreck of the Mary Deare
- 1961: The Naked Edge

Yankees (1942) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1952). But it wasn't until he played Sheriff Will Kane in *High Noon* (1952) that a second Oscar was his. A picture of Cooper as Kane: the symbol of integrity. In *The Movies*, Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer noted that "the lines which settled in Gary Cooper's face seemed imposed by the physical and emotional climate of his native Montana rather than of Hollywood. Made out of the most ordinary materials of the familiar western formula, *High Noon* achieved the shape of a democratic allegory which reached people...."

Cooper's third Oscar was a special one "for his many memorable screen performances and the international recognition he, as an individual, has gained for the motion picture industry." The award was accepted by James Stewart, and as he voiced Cooper's thanks there was a sudden break in his voice. Then, as *Life* reported on April 28, 1961, "the word spread, and everyone knew what Gary Cooper has known and bravely accepted for weeks past—that he has cancer and is far down the road Humphrey Bogart once walked.

Cooper starred with Patricia Neal in Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead* (1948).

The frolic and glitter dimmed. A few days later a Hollywood correspondent wired his New York office: "I have never known this town to be so depressed."

Cooper's last public appearance was on Jan. 8, 1961, when he was guest of honor at a Friars Club dinner in Hollywood. An AP report said, "Mr. Cooper wept unashamedly at the Friar's dinner, after speeches recounting his 35 years of stardom—a record unmatched by any other."

Cooper said (ran a report in the *New York Post*) "Never has so much fuss been made by so many over so little. The only achievement I am really proud of is the friends I have made in this community." Then he added: Am I the luckiest guy alive tonight? And he answered his own question with the one word that has become his. "Yup."

On May 14, 1961, seven days after his sixtieth birthday, Gary Cooper died. Pope John XXIII was one who sent condolences.

REMEMBER WHEN...?

1. Texaco
2. *The \$64,000 Question*
3. John Cameron Swayze (extra credit answer: Dave Garroway)
4. A mink coat, as modeled by Bess Myerson
5. Zelda Gilroy, the gal with the twitching nose
6. Don Herbert, the science-minded gentleman
7. Herschel Bernardi
8. "Groucho!"
9. Each had a turn at hosting *The Tonight Show* before Jack Paar and Johnny Carson took over.
10. B. Jose Melis
11. 714
12. "Queen For A Day?"
13. Neal; he liked, as W.C. Fields might have said, to take a nip at the sauce now and then.
14. "...blades?"
15. The walking, talking encyclopedia of minutiae who answered his way to \$264,000 on *The \$64,000 Question* and *The \$64,000 Challenge*.
16. Both played Chester A. Riley on *The Life of Riley*. (The Great One was the original; Bill Bendix, of course, had the long run.)
17. Red Buttons, the "Ho-Ho" man
18. Harry; they were the TV friends and neighbors of George Burns and Gracie Allen
19. Jim Backus did the job, and he was a judge—Judge Bradley J. Stevens.
20. He was a carpenter, played by Judson Lair.
21. Rusty Hamer
22. A police officer in *Car 54, Where Are You?*
23. A. Allison; B. Osgood
24. Mark Warnow was the original leader but Raymond Scott is the best known.
25. The Nairobi Trio
26. Michael Anthony, who weekly handed out a check for a million dollars to some unfortunate soul on *The Millionaire*
27. Wyatt Earp
28. *Winky Dink and You*
29. Minerva
30. It was 623 E. 68th St., New York City. ☐

BOBBY THOMSON'S HOME RUN

(Continued from page 13)

going up there to the plate, I was still sulking. I wanted to hide my head in the nearest hole. When I think back on it, it was lucky for me Mueller hurt his ankle and the game had to be stopped. At least it gave me time to come back and begin thinking about the present instead of the past."

"Did you have any idea of the—well, the significance of the moment?" I struggled for the right words. "I mean, did it ever occur to you what a home run would've meant? To the Giants, yes—but especially to you?"

"Nope. Never thought of it."

"All right," I said. "What about the famous Durocher statement? I've heard about sixteen different versions of that inning, but everyone agrees that Durocher came to you while Branca was finishing his warm-ups and said, 'If you've ever hit one, kid, hit one now.'"

"My recollection is, 'If you've ever hit one, hit one now.' And I—the thought ran through my mind—I didn't even answer him. I was on my way back to the plate after the action was about to begin again after the Mueller thing. As I recall, he came up from behind and put his arm around me, and that's when he said it."

"Were you aware of Mays being on deck, that he might be able to do something if you didn't?"

"I wasn't aware of anything."

"Rube Walker was catching for the Dodgers, do you recall that?"

"I couldn't tell you who was catching."

"Well, I talked to him in Florida a few weeks ago, and he said Branca's second pitch—the one you hit—was not a strike. Do you feel that way?"

"It could very well not have been. Yeah, up and in. A good pitch though, it would've been close. I can remember just getting a glimpse of it. And of course you've got to remember, I was pretty quick inside, quick with the bat."

"Was there any hesitation on your part?" I asked.

"None at all. I just got a glimpse of that ball—in—and I reacted."

"When you hit it, did you know it was gone, as a hitter often does?" ☐

"I thought I had a home run. I really laid into it, really got good wood on it. But then as I got away from the plate, I began to wonder. It started out high and then looked like it was sinking. Well, I'd never hit a ball like that in my life. It started up high and then began to sink. So I began to think, at least I've got a base hit. I figured it'd be off the wall, enough to get Whitey in with the tying run. And then the ball disappeared into the lower stands. By that time I was halfway, three-quarters of the way to first. Of course this was what I saw in the pictures afterward. I really didn't know where I was. I remember, my first thought was, it's a home run, and then, no, a base hit, and then—bingo!"

"And then what?"

"Well, it was pure pandemonium. There was just this fantastic mob scene at home plate, and then it kind of turned into a riot. The next clear thing I remember was people trying to rip pieces of my uniform off. I thought, hey, I could get killed. Those fans were absolutely out of their minds. So I took off for the clubhouse. Never ran so fast, I guess, weaving my way through all those people, all of them trying to get a piece of me."

"And then?"

"Well, it took some time to sink in. I went out there that day thinking about getting my RBI total over a hundred. I think I had 97 up to that last game, and the playoff statistics were going to count as part of the regular season. So one of my ambitions was to get over the hundred mark, and I guess I was sort of happy about that. And of course I was happy we'd won the pennant. But at first I wasn't able to digest it all, connect it to me. Later that evening they had me on the Perry Como show, and I got a standing ovation. Then everywhere I went people were cheering me. That's when it started to sink in. And when I finally got home that night, my brother Jim was waiting up for me. And he said, 'Bob, do you realize what you've done?' We talked about it, about how it was more than just a home run to win a ball game, to win a pennant. That's when it began to sink in, what it really was. So I went to bed that night, and I wondered what I had ever done to deserve this. . . ."

PAPER COWBOYS

(Continued from page 55)

Western, but we'll stick it here anyway.

The first artist on the strip was Allen Dean, who drew in a stocky dry brush pulp style. While the test of a man's mettle in a Lone Ranger strip was drawing the mask, with King the big challenge was his wide flat-brimmed Mountie hat. Basically, what you had to do was draw a plate with an inverted bowl sitting on it, and show it from every possible angle. Dean, however, never could get the hat right. Since none of the survivors of the 1930s King Features bullpen with whom I've talked can remember anything about Allen Dean, it's probable that he worked directly for Slesinger. For a brief spell he also drew *Tex Thorne*, a Sunday page credited to Zane Grey. In the spring of 1938 Dean left the Mountie strip for good (He'd dropped the Sunday in 1936) and dependable Charles Flanders drew it until he changed horsemen and assumed the *Lone Ranger*. Jim Gary then became the *King of the Royal Mounted* artist.

Thirty-four when he became responsible for Sgt. King, Jim Gary had led the sort of life all rugged novelists used to claim in their dust jacket autobiographies. He'd been a merchant seaman, worked as a dishwasher, herded cattle in Arizona, taken flying lessons in Australia and ridden across America on a motorcycle. In the late 1930s, Gary settled down and began to draw for the Whitman line of comic books. Working in a style that was an inadequately blended hash of Raymond and Caniff, Gary turned out pages about G-Men, cowboys and detectives for *Crackajack Funnies* and *Popular Comics*. He'd improved considerably, however, by the time Slesinger gave him his turn with the Mountie. Eventually the combined burden of doing his own strip and ghosting *Red Ryder* now and then was too much for Gary apparently, so he got other artists to ghost *King* for him. Among them was Rodlow Willard, one-time gag cartoonist, who later served eight years on *Scorchy Smith*.

The best drawn, and least seen, Western strip of the 30s was Garrett Price's *White Boy*. This Sunday page began in the early 1930s, distributed by the Chicago-Tribune-New York News Syndicate. Employed in the *Tribune* art department, he thinks it was the syndicate which came to him with the idea of doing a strip. "I was hampered by authentic knowledge of the West," Price told me. "My folks (Papa was a doctor) left Kansas when I was a year old. Until I was nineteen we lived in Wyoming, Oklahoma and South Dakota—mostly in Wyoming." Originally set in the past, the page dealt with an adolescent boy who is captured by the Sioux and then rescued by a rival tribe. *White Boy* is befriended by an Indian girl named Starlight, and by two young braves, Chickadee and Woodchuck. The pages were drawn in a gentle style, quite different in appearance from what Price was doing for the *New Yorker*. "A style at once decorative, tender, and with a true feeling for the open air," is how Coulton Waugh described it. "the stories had an imaginative, dreamy character." Price was continually experimenting, breaking up the page into all sorts of patterns. Sometimes he used the conventional 12-panel layout, but more often he tried things like using one huge panel bordered by two or three long thin ones. His rendering got bolder, poster-like. His use of color, alternating harsh basic reds with subdued autumnal pastels, was unlike anything being done on the comic pages. The feature did not collect a sizeable audience however. By 1934, *White Boy* had moved to the present, to a place called Skull Valley. The title was changed shortly thereafter to *Skull Valley*, the dreamy stories and Indian folk tales giving way to galloping outlaws and masked heroes. In spite of the new story material, Price was incapable of doing a conventional job. His melodramatic pages, rich with thick black and villainous greens and yellows, still stood out from *The Gumps* and *Winnie Winkle*. In 1936 the page was dropped. "Captain Joe Patterson thought the story was not carrying over from week to week," recalls Price. "It was suggested that I make it a daily, too. As it was, even once a

week was getting to be a grind, the episodes harder and harder to think up. Things at *New Yorker* were picking up, the depression was easing. Still I made one last try. For new material I looked for a new field, went to Mexico." When he returned, rather than go on with *Skull Valley*, Price quit to concentrate on magazine cartooning and illustrating, something much closer to his heart. Price, a small modest man, would just as well let his Sunday page remain unsung and unremembered. "If there is anything I wish to be remembered for, it is not for being an unsuccessful comic strip artist."

Funny paper cowboys had become movie and serial heroes, but the process could be worked the other way as well. This resulted in comic strips about such screen cowboys as Tom Mix and Gene Autry. In the middle 1930s Tom Mix, who had been playing cowboys in the movies since 1911, was a declining screen hero. He still had his Rolls Royce and his cowboy style tuxedo, but things were not as good as they had been. Then the Ralston Company of Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Missouri, bought Tom Mix. They created a club, and named it the Tom Mix Ralston Straight Shooters. They put on a Tom Mix radio show, with an actor playing Tom, and got a cartoonist to do a comic strip. Tom Mix was popular again.

Gene Autry, a Texas boy, had been singing cowboy songs over the radio when he was given the lead in a serial entitled *Phantom Empire*. The serial, one of the few cowboy science fiction stories ever filmed, brought Autry to the attention of Republic studios, who cast him in *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. Besides shooting his gun and riding his horse, the double-chinned cowpoke also sang. The box office reaction to this phenomenon led to the quick emergence of a new type of hero—the singing cowboy. A fairly shrewd business man, Autry soon went into the business of merchandising himself. One of the by-products was *Gene Autry Rides! A Sunday page*, it was written by Gerald Geraghty and drawn by Till Goodan. Goodan, another cowboy turned cartoonist, was better at horses and saddles than he was at people. Gene Autry never sang in the strip. □

(Continued from page 18)

incredible. When Milner threw her down a flight of stairs, causing her to lose her baby, Ann crawled out of the marriage. She was also out of work. And according to her doctors, out of luck forever; they told her she'd never dance professionally again because of injuries she had sustained in the fall.

Wearing a back brace Ann managed to make it through a test to replace Cyd Charisse in *Easter Parade* (Charisse had torn a tendon in her leg). Incredibly, she won the part, dancing with Fred Astaire in her first A picture since *You Can't Take It With You* 10 years earlier. And now Annie was an MGM star, the best thing to be in Hollywood during the 40s and early 50s. She made *Texas Carnival* with Esther Williams, *Lovely To Look At* with Kathryn Grayson, *Small Town Girl*, *Kiss Me Kate* and *Hit The Deck*. Ten years, and, according to Annie, ten fabulous years. She dated Conrad Hilton, dancing the *varsoviana* at the opening of almost

every Hilton International. She dated the Aly Khan, Prince Rainier, Aristotle Onassis, and The Shah of Iran. On the home front her beaux were also tycoons and heirs: Jim Kimberly, Ernie Byfeld, Jack Seabrook, Gilbert Swanson. She may have made a lot of B pictures, but her men were all from the A list. But the one man she wanted she couldn't have; Bill O'Connor, a lawyer and politician, was, according to Ann, a Roman Catholic and unable to divorce his wife. And in 1958, on the rebound, Annie married a Texas oil millionaire, Bill Moss. "It was doomed from the start," says Annie.

Ann again gave up her career. But within three years, on May 11, 1961 Ann was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Bill Moss. Despite the fact that, according to California law, the decree would not take effect for a year, Annie says she was persuaded by a new beau and old friend to marry him in Mexico, both armed with Mexican divorces. This millionaire, Arthur Cameron, was reputed to have at least \$100 million to lavish on Annie. And she finally got to live in L.B. Mayer's palatial house; Arthur now owned

it. Cameron bought her diamonds and gave her cell therapy at Dr. Neihan's famous Swiss clinic. (Ann says Cameron made her do it; he wanted to make sure the shots didn't hurt before he'd take them.) He bought her clothes, including \$10,000 worth of nightgowns. But, as was becoming a habit with Annie, the marriage was a mess. Cameron claimed, in fact, that no marriage had ever taken place, in Mexico or anywhere. However, when Ann agreed to drop a multi-million dollar law suit, Cameron owned up to the marriage and the couple split via annulment. It was May 10, 1962. The next day the *L.A. Times* reported: "When reminded by newsmen her final divorce from Texas oilman William Moss would not be final in California courts until today (May 11), Miss Miller said: 'Heavens, does that mean I'm still married to him?'"

Back to work, this time on television shows: *The Hollywood Palace*. *Can-Can* in Houston. *Glad Tidings* in Chicago. *The Red Skelton Show*. And then, *Mame*. Angela Lansbury had opened the Jerry Herman musical on Broadway. It had been a big hit. When

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Lansbury left, Celeste Holm, Janis Paige and Jane Morgan had all carried the show for a while. But when Annie got the offer the show was wobbly. The producers were selling two-fers, two tickets for the price of one. With some new choreography, notably a tap number, Ann Miller opened in *Mame* on May 26, 1969. It was a triumph, with standing ovations and rave reviews. Ann ran the show for eight more months, closing it only because she came down with pneumonia. She was a star all over again.

She toured *Mame* and *Hello, Dolly*. She made a commercial for Heinz Soup that may be the most expensive, most talked about TV commercial ever made. And she got whacked on the head by a piece of scenery in St. Louis. It almost killed her, but she came right back with her own dizzy, delightful vision of the world. When a musical version of *Exodus* was planned, called *Ari* after its hero Ari ben Canaan, Ann was on the phone to her agent; according to Broadway gossip, she insisted that she be put up for the part of Jackie Onassis. The woman can't be stopped.

Annie is going to be either 52 or 56 this year—she's probably not too clear herself, but, frankly, who ever wanted Ann Miller to be all that aware? She's got more brains in her feet than any tapper Hollywood ever gave us. 

NOSTALGIA QUIZ

RAYMOND BURR, MOST KNOWN FOR HIS LAW AND ORDER ROLES IN TV'S "PERRY MASON" AND "IRONSIDES" WAS A HEAVY IN THE MARK BROS. COMEDY "LOVE HAPPY."



QUIZ:
WHO PLAYED "THE THING"
IN THE SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME?
(ANSWER NEXT PAGE)

THE OTHER LIFE

(Continued from page 40)

Life. This continued for nine months on Broadway in 1924, and proved to be the foundation of Benchley's later career as an author of movie short comedies and actor in a variety of feature films.

A couple of years later, Sherwood made his big breakthrough in the career that he would follow so successfully for the rest of his life—playwriting. He had his first Broadway hit, "The Road to Rome." The writing and producing of this show made him spend even less time on his editorial duties (never his favorite part of magazine work, although he did it excellently) and grieved the publishers no end. So once again, Sherwood was fired from a periodical in December, 1928. He later claimed, and rightly so, that the firing was the biggest favor ever done for him, since it at last freed him to devote full time to his serious work, work that would ultimately include the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and place him firmly in the ranks of first rate American dramatists.

In 1929, Benchley also departed from *Life* for the tougher, more sophisticated *New Yorker*, which had been started in 1925, and where he remained until the 1940's. With the departure of Sherwood and Benchley (and their friends, including Dorothy Parker, who once again joined Benchley as a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*), coupled with the Depression, when people were more concerned with survival than collegiate humor, *Life's* last chance and Golden Age were over. The magazine limped along for another few years, until it finally shut down in 1936. Time, Inc. bought the title to use on their new photo magazine. But the old *Life* left behind memories of a brilliant array of contributors and spawned a whole series of competitors who may have surpassed it, but still owed it a debt to its pioneering work in the field of American humor magazines. And it finally, established reputations for the two men who did so much to make the magazine as good as it was—Robert Benchley and Robert E. Sherwood. 

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MONOPOLY

(Continued from page 58)

once," he declared some years ago. "I don't expect to hit it again."

If Darrow was to meet failure in his attempts to create another winning game—anyhow, his favorite game was contract bridge, not *Monopoly*—his first creation was destined to become a diversion on many levels and in many lands. Under the Parker Brothers' franchise, the game has been published in 15 languages in 25 countries. Atlantic City, to be sure, becomes the local equivalent in each country—Marvin Gardens, which has already inspired one movie title, undergoes transformation to *Picadilly*, *Goethestrasse*, *Rue Lafayette* and *Plaza de Espana* in other countries, and dollars get devaluated—or inflated—into the local currency. *Monopoly*, to no one's particular surprise, is not published in Russia but there is some interest in the game among the citizenry. (At least we do know that all six sets of *Monopoly* on display during the 1959 American National Exhibit in Moscow were ripped off by the end of the exhibition.)

However, the special affection in which the game is held has been demonstrated in these far more

dramatic examples.

Item: Parker Brothers likes to boast that it prints more *Monopoly* money each year than the U.S. Treasury prints dollars, but more impressive is this little yarn: during the Depression, when the banks were still closed, Parker issued *Monopoly* money to its employees and the scrip money was honored by the local townspeople and merchants.

Item: *Monopoly* marathons are a favorite, if peculiar, youth activity. A decade or so ago, high school students in Henderson, Kentucky, played the game for 700 hours and around the same time two gentlemen from Bermuda logged 60 *Monopoly* hours as a twosome. There have also been record-dripping underwater *Monopoly* marathons (144 hours), but the most imposing Monopolistic feat to date, at least as of this writing, took place last June in Denver, where 34 students announced that they had nothing better to do than break the existing *Monopoly* marathon record—820 hours, set in 1971 by students in Danville, California—and settled down in a local department store to do just that. Playing two at a time for four-hour shifts, they began to toss the dice and move around the famous game board with the same determination as Sir Edmund Hillary climbing Mount Everest. Onlookers came and gawked, or stayed to kibbitz, but the game continued through days and weeks and the month of June. The old record was practically ignored as the determined players pressed ever onward, and when the last cast of the dice was duly recorded before admiring TV cameras, a feat worthy of *The Guinness Book of Records* had been wrought out of the blood, sweat and *Monopoly* mania of these 34 game nuts: 1,008 hours of continuous play. That's 41 days and 41 nights—an achievement of almost Biblical proportions.

Item: In 1961, at the time of the electrical goods price-fixing scandal, James Carey, president of the Electrical Workers Union, sent gift sets of *Monopoly* to seven electrical company executives resting behind bars. Were they shocked? No, they were probably grateful, and oblivious to the sarcasm of the gift.

Item: Play money aside, the most serious game of *Monopoly* probably involves Robert Q. Lewis of television game show fame. According to Lewis, he once received a call from the late Billy Rose, the Broadway producer, asking him "if I could afford to lose \$3,000 in cash." Lewis' accountant advised him that no, he couldn't afford to lose \$3,000 in cash, but Lewis went ahead anyway and played a game of *Monopoly* with Rose and some other financial heavyweights for real dollars—three grand being the starting stake for each player. He came out "a bit ahead," Lewis later recalled, with the big loser being ironically William Zeckendorf, the real estate man.

Item: In American business, success breeds attempt, and imitation is the most predictable form of flattery. *Monopoly*, itself based on another game, has helped bring into business numerous offspring dedicated to the proposition that fantasy wealth is better than real life. Some of their names: *Acquire*, *Tycoon*, *Easy Money*, *Broker*, *Stocks & Bonds*, *Ticker Tape*, *Merger*, *Investment Club*, *Square Mile*, *The Advertising Game*, *Influence* (a Washington, D.C., "political" game) and on and on. And the predictable variants: in *Squander* and *Go for Broke*, the object is to get rid of a million dollars, which is still a capitalistic fantasy, come to think of it.

Well, no arguing with it—despite the Sherman Anti-Trust laws, *Monopoly* is a fact of life in this country, and despite the intrusions upon its hegemony represented by *Scrabble* and *Yahtzee*, it will probably sell forever. So if you can't bust the trust, why not admit that in lust (for wealth) we trust! Or perhaps New York Times' book reviewer, Christopher Lehman-Haupt has the best idea. Reviewing *The Monopoly Book* last December, he wrote:

"Now all we need is a Broadway musical based on the game. I've always thought the possibilities rich... The game is full of found poetry that would suit itself to the lyrics: Go directly to jail; Do not pass go; Do not collect \$200, or Take a walk on the Board Walk; Advance token to Board Walk. The hero would be Marvin Gardens..."

NOSTALGIA QUIZ

"THE THING" IN THE SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME, WAS PLAYED BY JAMES ARNESS.



QUIZ: WHAT FAVORITE TV ACTOR (WITH HIS OWN SERIES) PLAYED MARSHAL DILLON ON RADIO? (ANSWER NEXT MONTH)

DOLLY PARTON

(Continued from page 50)

own way, and I like to start from scratch. I don't like to bake. I can bake cornbread and biscuits and chocolate cake, but that's it. One time I baked a pound cake and it weighed 25 pounds!

"Grits? There's nothin' to grits. That's just meal and salt and water and pepper. We call it mush. And grits you buy in a box. Red-eyed gravy is just the drippings off any piece of the ham. It's the grease you pour over it. But you don't ever put that over regular ham. It has to be real cured country ham. They're sugar-cured or salt-cured or smoked. We used to have ham country-cured with salt. We cured our own, sure. We always killed hogs back home."

To listen to her stories and the slight lilting twang of her voice, no one could doubt Dolly's backwoods beginnings. If her vocal mannerisms aren't enough, however, Dolly's physical presence will turn you around to the days when women looked the way men thought women were supposed to look before they were knocked from their pedestals. Although her appearance resembles a cross between Mae West and Marilyn Monroe, "Diamond" Dolly Parton is obviously nobody's dumb blonde, despite the five-foot-one hourglass figure, the copious towheaded mane and the generous amount of dainty but highly visible jewels that sparkle from her ears and carefully manicured fingers. The appearance, like the gems, has been hard earned. (The little lady has sold more records for RCA than David Bowie.)

When she was young she always wanted to experiment with make-up but there was no money for such extravagant games. "So now, I'm just like a kid," the pretty lady says, looking me straight in the eye. "I love to play with makeup. Every time they come out with something new, I'll run out and get it, and sit and play with curlers, eye shadow, all of it. I never had anything when I was a kid."

Dolly has a complex about being short and feels that wearing wigs helps compensate for her lack of height. Her own hair is waist-

length, and when she's home she wears it down. ("I don't like to have to worry about goin' out in the yard without somebody seein' me if I want to go without my makeup or half my clothes or whatever.") Many country performers wear wigs or hairpieces because they are convenient. "A lot of people say 'I don't see how you can stand to fool with yourself, crimping, and all that,' but I can get completely dressed in 30 minutes."

Many of Dolly's best-known songs are bleak narrative ballads with socially realistic overtones—suicide, adultery, mental illness, seduction and abandonment, illogical or antisocial passions, and always in there somewhere, poverty. But her alter-ego writes sunny songs of considerable wit and warmth with a flip of the same two-sided golden coin.

She has always liked bright colors and happy songs. "I'm a lover of pretty things," she acknowledges unnecessarily because she knows you know. "Butterflies are my specialty. All my life I've been crazy for butterflies. Even

when I was a kid I always thought butterflies were *me*. They just seemed to do whatever they pleased and go about it in their own way. Didn't bother nobody. Didn't harm anything.

"When I was a little girl I used to get so wrapped up in things around me that I'd try to catch 'em as they'd fly from place to place, and I'd run with them. Then I'd wander plumb off to the woods and be lost! And in lots of my songs I've talked of butterflies."

If the butterfly is one of nature's most perfect designs, surely Dolly Parton is qualified to represent it! She continues to sustain and gracefully stand sentinel over the timeless, always relevant way of life and regard for existence that makes "country" worth keeping for even the most jaded of citified palates. As *Newsweek* once said of her, "There's a mind behind the make-up." Heart and soul, too.

"And what's a butterfly? At best, he's but a caterpillar, drest." A cynic named John Gay wrote that in his *Fables* in 1727. He didn't know any better. Dolly Parton does, and we do, too. □

MOVIE STAR NEWS

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From Clara Bow to Marilyn Monroe, a pictorial parade of beauties from the past.

PEOPLE ON THEIR WAY UP

Featuring Congressional Candidate John F. Kennedy War Veteran. Also: Ex-Marine Captain Joseph R. McCarthy and 39-year-old Harold Stassen running hard for the presidency.

DISNEY'S FOLLY

Who were Nifty, Sniffy, Lazy, Puffy, Stubby, Burpy and Gabby? And why did Walt Disney spend two million dollars and three years on a cartoon feature?

ALSO: John Garfield, Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, The First Man In Space, Street Games, Art Deco, Houdini, Trivia Quiz and more.



NOSTALGIA NEWS



BRINGING OUT THOSE OLDIES

Heartened by the success of recent revivals of 50s TV fare, network honchos are putting their money on recycled oldies like "You Bet Your Life," the Groucho Marx quiz show popular in the last half of the decade and "The Mickey Mouse Club," another 50s favorite.

Mickey Mouse returned to home screens in 54 cities recently, in a late afternoon slot. If New York and Los Angeles ratings mean anything, the show can compete with many first-run prime-time programs.

While unwilling to forecast a cult following for the "Mickey Mouse Club," experts admit there are signs there will be one.

A promotional coloring contest created by New York's WNEW-TV has received some 12,000 entries to date, many from college students.

Stanley M. Holger, Executive Vice President of the SFM Media Service Corporation, distributors of "Mickey Mouse," said the program seems to appeal to the original generation of Mickey viewers as well as to today's youngsters.



Groucho freaks will be happy to learn that "You Bet Your Life" reruns have no less appeal. The show's audiences, say some, are swelling to the size of those for NBC's "Tonight Show."

Reflecting on the phenomenal success of the "Life" revival, Richard Ballinger, a program executive at WNEW, observed, "There is nothing like Groucho's wit in television today, and no real humorist on the scene."

With Marx and Mickey Morse drawing such enthusiastic response, there is every reason to expect a rash of revivals.

Also scheduled for a comeback, according to reports, are two other oldies—"Your Show of Shows," the famed Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca comedy hour, and the Jack Benny Show, several episodes of which were shown to New Yorkers in the week following the comedian's death. Ratings, said Ballinger, were "exceptional."

What next, we wondered. Will the Lone Ranger ride again?

PEERLESS PIPES

We're hearing again from the organ—the Morton Pipe organ, that is—rescued from backstage oblivion at the Ohio Theatre in Columbus.

The nearly half-century-old theatre, once a gilded movie palace, and now a performing arts center, has dusted off the grand old relic and restored it to its former splendor.

Originally played to accompany silent movies of the twenties, the Morton, some claimed, could reproduce every sound from birdsong to the thunder of horses hooves.

It remained a popular attraction in the 30s and early 40s, while house organists Bill Dalton and Roger Garrett teased harmonies from it to accompany their sing-along sessions. Then, in

1942, a shortage of funds put it out of commission.

It didn't see the light of day again until recently, when the Columbus Association for the Performing Arts, appointed 23-year-old Dennis James, an Indiana University graduate, official house organist.

Says CAPA Executive Director Donald Streibig, "Dennis is a vital young performer maintaining an old tradition. I know he'll attract young people to come to the Ohio Theatre the way their parents did in the 1920s and 30s."





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